National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment—Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

VOLUME X.—NO. 2. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1849. | WHOLE NUMBER 470.

National Anti-Slavery Standard
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. Gay, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. Gay, New York

TERMS,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

W. Norris, Printer.

The Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

(Reported for the Standard by F. W. Lords Jr.)

A large and highly respectable audience assembled in the Melodeon this morning to participate in the organization of the Annual Anti-Slavery Convention of the New England States. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Francis Jackson at precisely 10 1-2 A. M. Mr. May, then moved that the following Committee be appointed to nominate the officers for the Convention:

Samuel May, Jr. Effingham L. Capron. Joshua T Everett. J. C. Dodge.

Opportunity was here afforded for silent or audible prayer, but no one embracing the invitation, the Committee appointed to nominate officers for the Convention through Mr May, made the following report:

For President.
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

For Vice Presidents.

Edmund Quincy, Massachusetts. Peter Libbey, Maine. Luther Meleudy, New Hampshire. Enoch Hoard, Vermont. Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island. Job F. Angell, Connecticut. Francis Jackson, Massachusetts. George Doughty, New York.

For Secretaries

Samuel May, Jr., Leicester. Henry H. Bringham, Abington. Eliza J. Kenney, Salem.

Committee on Business

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Stephen S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Frederick Douglass, Charles C. Burleigh, Abby K. Foster, Lucy Stone, Anne Warren Weston, J. C. Cloflin

Finance Committee.

James N. Buffum, Joshua T. Everett, Samuel Brooke, John M. Spear, Lewis Ford.

Mr May after reading the Report stated that with the concurrence of the friends assembled together, at one of the future meetings of the Convention, the list of Vice Presidents would be filled up and increased.

No objection was offered to the proposition. Mr. Wm Lloyd Garrison then read the remonstrance against Slavery sent from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, signed by ministers of various Christian denominations which has appeared in our paper before—prefacing it with a few pertinent remarks.

Mr May next presented the following report as General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, of the Anti-Slavery Conventions held during the past year in conformity to the vote of the New England Convention of 1848.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL AGENT.

Of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, made to the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May 29, 1849.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention, which was held in this city in May, 1848, after full discussion, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That, anxious to make the best possible use of every opportunity which Providence affords of gaining the ear and rousing the heart of the nation, we recommend to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to hold, as soon as convenient and profitable, a series of One Hundred Conventions, to press on public notice the guilty position of the State in respect to National Slavery,—and to urge a dissolution of that Union which there is no hope of changing; which links us to such responsibility, and shuts up in our jails, in the keeping of our agents, the noblest friends of humanity, and the best lovers of their kind."

With a further resolution, pledging to the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society the funds raised at the Convention.

The General Agent of the Massachusetts Society, to whom, in connexion with his Associate Agents, was committed the duty of arranging and conducting the Conventions provided for by this vote, has thought it his duty, at this re-assembling of the New-England Anti-Slavery Convention, to submit a brief Statement or Report of so much of the operations of last year as grew out of the resolution just read. For although it is true that this Convention is not a permanent body, it may safely be taken for granted that the individuals composing it, from year to year, are so far the same as to constitute it, in effect, one and the same body.

In accordance with the resolutions before mentioned, the following persons were engaged, and have been employed as lecturing agents, for different periods of time, viz. Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Lucy Stone, Adin Ballou, William W. Brown, E. D. Hudson, and John S. Jacobs. The General Agent also has attended the Conventions as frequently as was consistent with his other engagements.

In addition to the above, the occasional and most valuable aid of Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, James N. Buffum, Oliver Johnson, and Wm P. Atkinson has been freely given to the furtherance of the work.

Samuel Brooke, of Ohio, acted as Financial Agent during the autumn and winter.

The first Convention was held on the 18th of June; and they were continued, as often as circumstances would permit, for nearly eleven months. A full and valuable report, of a portion of those held in the interior of this State last summer, was made at the time by Adin Ballou, and published in the '*Practical Christian*' and the '*Liberator*.'

The whole number of Conventions held has been *seventy-one*. It is a matter of deep regret to us that we were not able to complete the entire number contemplated. But, in consequence of the insufficiency of the funds at the disposal of the Board of Managers of the Mass. Society, we were unable to retain the services longer than to the first of January, of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, notwithstanding that the latter, as usual, had given her services to the cause. We were thus deprived of aid, upon which we had depended, to enable us fully to carry out the plan of One Hundred Conventions. Still, we rejoice to say, their services were not lost to the cause. Though not acting as agents of the Mass. Society, since the first of January, they continued in the field, in practical union with us, and in various sections of this State rendered most essential aid to our common object. If we add the meetings, thus held by Mr and Mrs. Foster, to these held by the agents of the Mass. Society, the whole number of Conventions held will be almost *ninety*. It should be borne in mind, however, that, in the statements of this Report, reference is had to no more than the seventy-one Conventions actually attended by agents of the Mass. Society.

The Conventions have been held in five of the New England States, as follows:—

In Massachusetts,	58
" Maine,	3
" New Hampshire,	6
" Rhode Island,	2
" Connecticut,	2

The fifty-eight held in Massachusetts were thus distributed:—

In Essex	County,	Seven Conventions.
" Middlesex,	"	Six "
" Norfolk,	"	Six "
" Plymouth,	"	Thirteen "
" Barnstable,	"	Two "
" Bristol,	"	Three "
" Worcester,	"	Nineteen "
" Hampden,	"	Two "

Mr. and Mrs. Foster's meetings were mostly held in Barnstable and Essex counties.

It will be perceived, that in *six* counties of this State, no Convention of this series has been held. In three of these, however, (Suffolk, Hampshire, and Berkshire,) our agents have lectured a few times. That portion of the Commonwealth which lies west of Connecticut river, has as yet scarcely been entered by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, or any of its associate Societies. Notwithstanding the existence there of those religious sects which we have found the most strenuously and most uniformly arrayed against the Anti Slavery movement, there is still a field for the Anti Slavery labourer which ought to be occupied. Some residents there, we know, are earnest to have the gospel of freedom preached there with boldness, and we trust the time is at hand when this object shall be accomplished.

In connexion with the Conventions, numerous Anti Slavery *lectures* have been given by Messrs. Pillsbury, Foster, Jacobs, W. W. Brown, and Miss Stone; the exact number of these we cannot give.

Of the seventy-one Conventions, forty seven were held on Sundays; the remaining twenty-four on other days.—The evenings of "week days" have been mostly occupied by the lectures.

In a few instances, we have had the cordial welcome and support of Christian ministers resident in the town or neighbourhood where we were assembled. They have been willing and glad to unite with us in proclaiming liberty to the captive, and in efforts to break his chain.—They were not ashamed or afraid to work in company with those who had become of no reputation for the slave's sake. But the number of such has been very small. Our common and all but universal experience is of the indifference or the hostility of the so-called *ministers* and *churches* to the whole subject of Anti-Slavery.—Of such men we have not hesitated to speak as usurpers of Christ's name and authority; "in sheep's clothing," indeed, "but inwardly ravening wolves." We may not have promoted our popularity by this course, but we believe we *have* subserved the truth.

Of the funds raised and pledged at the last New England Convention, $700 only could be appropriated to these Conventions; of which about $600 have been paid in. Collections were also made at each of the Conventions held, with a view to defray local expenses, such as advertising, rent of halls, fuel, and lights. About $550 were raised in this way, a sum quite adequate, it is believed, to meet all the local expenses; compelling us, however, to fall back upon the small fund of $600, above referred to, and upon such farther donations as he friends of the cause were pleased to make to the treasury of the Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society, for the support of our agents. At the several Conventions, about 225 new subscribers to the Anti Slavery papers were procured.

It were in vain that the writer of this should attempt to speak of the many interesting incidents and discussions attending this important series of meetings; for important, in the best sense of the word, we believe them to have been. In most cases, the interest felt in them has been attested in the strongest manner by the large numbers attending them, and the depth of feeling manifestly aroused. The agents, who have been present, are witnesses to that interest, and have no doubt that great good to the cause of Freedom, of Justice, of Right, of Humanity, has been accomplished by means of these meetings; and where no harvest has yet appeared, they assuredly know that it will appear in harvest *time*; for the ground has been prepared—the good ground of honest and good hearts; the good seed of the word has been patiently sown, in the fear of God and in the love of man, and a glorious harvest must follow. The word of God is pledged for it. In this faith they have their best reward, and their strongest encouragement to continue steadfast in a cause for which it is their hope and their purpose to labour, wherever their lot may be cast, so long as they live.

We have not laboured alone. The Providence of God has gone before us, and by wonders and signs, which He has done in the midst of us, has He startled and awakened the hearts of the people, and made signal demonstration of the awful criminality of this land, which blasphemously styles itself a "free" and a "Christian" land.—All the while that we have been labouring, and pleading the cause of those outraged men and women, children of the One Father, who are held by our God-defying laws and Constitution, all over this Union, as PROPERTY, Dray ton and Sayres have been lying in a wretched prison, in the city of Washington, under the very eaves of the building where the National Congress utters the will of all the people North and South, arraigned for the *crime* of going to those who were "sick and in prison," and endeavouring to lead them "out of the house of bondage." Their trial, in a court completely under slaveholding influence, has been cruelly protracted, and still lingers.—The nation's prisoner's are they, suffering thus for doing a deed which, if led to it by a humane motive, (the absence of which we cannot suspect,) will bring upon their souls the approval of Heaven—which, indeed, already has brought the peace of God into their lonely cells.

In the death of the sisters, there suddenly appeared amongst us William and Ellen Craft, two of those 'persons' whom the State of Georgia is so base and recreant as to consider 'chattels personal,' without a single human right, bound to live, to labour, and to die for the sole use, convenience and profit of another. By a boldly conceived and admirably executed plan, availing themselves of the most frequented thoroughfares, and the most thronged means of conveyance, in three or four days, their feet stood upon the soil of Pennsylvania. Even there, though comparatively safe, they dared not be seen openly, but kept concealed in a friend's house, until they could flee farther North. Here—alas! that we should have thus to use words which imply our country's degradation and shame—here, *in spite of the Constitution and laws*, we hope they may dwell in peace and prosperity.

Still later, coffined and almost stifled in a scanty box, which was marked and directed as though containing merchandise, a brother man was brought from Richmond, Va., to Philadelphia,—alive, though having suffered, almost intolerably, from the confinement, from thirst, from the long continuance in an unnatural posture, and from the fear of detection. Thus bore he *his* witness to the *contentment* of the slave in his bondage, and his *reluctance* to leave it, even should a *good* chance of doing so, offer! Since his escape, others have attempted a similar experiment, but failed. How many thousands, and tens of thousands, have been likewise foiled in their schemes and efforts to obtain liberty, and been driven back to a more hopeless Slavery than before, can never be known on earth. Other incidents of interest in our work might be mentioned, but already we encroach on time due to a consideration of the present and the future.

The formation of the Free Soil party, an event of no little interest, giving promise of so much and hitherto resulting in so little, took place, as is well known, during the last summer. The character, the claims, and the aims of that party, were thoroughly and ably discussed in our conventions. Opportunity of engaging in the discussion was at all times freely offered to the advocates of that party, and, in frequent instances, accepted; and it cannot be questioned that much light was shed by these discussions upon the true character of the Free Soil party, the nature of the work it proposes to itself to do, and the probability of its success in any important particular or measure.

It is perhaps proper to add, that the same principle of *free discussion* prevailed in the conventions with regard to every subject legitimately under discussion. The advocates of Slavery and the opponents of Anti-Slavery—which is making a distinction, indeed, where we are unable to discern a difference—have had, and in some cases exercised, the right to be heard equally with ourselves. In but two instances (of any moment) have attempts been made to silence the Anti-Slavery speakers by violence. A temporary success only followed in the one case; and in the other, the act, dastardly as it was, (that of hurling a book at a woman's head,) met only with pity and defeat.

We feel, then, that we have cause to 'thank God and take courage';—for the strength, the might, and the power, if not the numbers, are on our side. Let the Abolitionists of Massachusetts and New England not forget whereunto they are called! Though their ranks may have been thinned by the desertion of many, whom the lust of other things entering in has converted into aliens, theirs is still a position high, glorious, and, if they will plant their feet on it with unwavering determination, impregnable. The day is coming when, to have been one of that little company, struggling against mighty odds for the redemption of the slave and the salvation of the country, will be recognised as one of the most honourable distinctions which a man can reach. Though it open no pathway to earthly fame, it confers a far more excellent possession. May it be theirs to faint not, to doubt not, to linger not; but with a resolute heart, and a ready hand, to continue steadfast to the end!

On behalf of the Agents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

Boston, May 29, 1849.

The Report was accepted and ordered to be printed with the proceedings of the Convention.

Mr. Burleigh moved the usual resolution that all persons friendly or unfriendly to the objects of the meeting be invited to participate in its discussions.

The resolution was passed accordingly. *Mr. Garrison* from the Business Committee reported the following resolutions:

"1st. *Resolved*, That the experience, observation and reflection of the past year have deepened our conviction of the soundness of those principles and the wisdom of those measures, by the promulgation and prosecution of which we have been hitherto labouring to promote the Anti-Slavery cause, and that we now re-affirm our belief that it is at once the policy and the duty of Abolitionists to push on this great enterprize with unflagging zeal and energy on the firm ground of "no union with slaveholders in Church or State."

2nd. *Resolved*, That in the language of the Rev. John Bunet, of London, "if we are thorough Anti-Slavery men and, believe that Slavery is a sin against God, we believe that that is a sinful church which sanctions Slavery and *we must leave it*."

3rd *Resolved*, That in the language of the Rev. Dr. Morrison of London "we firmly believe that America is the main pillar which now upholds Slavery throughout the world; and we believe also that the main pillar of Slavery in America, both as regards the slaveholding principle and the detestable prejudice against persons of colour, is the guilty subserviency and the truckling, time-serving conduct of her Christian ministers who do not boldly lift their voices against those great and crying abominations."

4th, *Resolved*, That (in the language of the same distinguished divine) "far, far, better would it be for the North to give up her relation with the South, by which relation a system is upheld, which is most nefarious in the eyes of God and of good men, than to retain her connexion, and with it her slaveholding spirit and institutions."

On motion of Mr. Garrison the resolutions were ordered to be taken up and discussed separately.

The first being in order Mr. C. C. Burleigh came forward and remarked that he would say a few words with regard to it, which might serve as an introduction to the proceedings of the Convention. This resolution reaffirmed the principles which they had been contending for so long, and their deep conviction in the soundness of those principles. It was well understood that they were the ardent and uncompromising opponents, not of Slavery in the abstract, but of Slavery as it was—the living breathing monster of so foul and hideous an aspect;—that they were enemies not alone of Slavery, but of everything that upheld it. They were therefore the uncompromising enemies of a Union that pledged the strength of the nation to the support of Slavery—of a Union that gave the political power of the nation to the upholding of compact and compromises that were alike unjust and unrighteous, and of a religion that recognized the lawfulness, the correctness of a slaveholding Christianity, and acknowledged a communion and fellowship with professedly Christian slaveholders. In consequence then of entertaining these views they felt it to be their duty to denounce and anathematize a pro-slavery Church.

Mr. Burleigh entered into an extended comment upon the principles advanced in the resolution and upon giving way was followed by Mrs. Abby Folsom in a few desultory remarks, evidently intended to create dissension and confusion.

Mr. Garrison thereupon rose and said: Among other things which we have learned in the prosecution of this great work is this, that we must let patience have her perfect work. A peculiar characteristic of the movement in which we are engaged is that it desires social discussion. It claims to be of God, and to have God's principle for its basis.—It claims to set in motion a train of the best measures that can be adopted: and therefore it frankly and cordially invites to the occupancy of its platform all persons, of whatever sect or belief; being willing to have its own time and house occupied even with those who are hostile to it believing that this freedom of expression and thought, is the true way to secure a correct public investigation of its doctrines. I hope that those who are in the body of this house will not be expecting from any particular individual upon or near the platform a speech. I hope that those especially who are not yet prepared to receive either our principles or our measures will come forward upon this occasion and tell us wherein they differ from us, and in what respect we are at at variance with them. Many come here from other motives than those, of a simple and earnest spirit of enquiry, a thirsting and longing after truth. Many come to cavil at and pervert truth. And they go away where no man can follow them, and take refuge in some foul polluted sheet, some coward's castle like the pulpit, there to pour forth their feelings of bitterness, and their hatred of heart toward our movement. There is no manhood in all this but rather an evidence of conscious guilt. They are condemned by their own conduct. No man need hiss here who is a man. There is no need of playing the serpent. Let him show himself. We give him a fair field and we ask no guarantee for we stand upon the immutable foundation of Truth.

Mr. Buffum, of Lynn, hoped that a full and free discussion would be had upon the vital issues put forth by the Convention. He would be happy for one to hear from the advocates of Free Soil any arguments they might advance, and as he saw several of their ablest speakers in the House, he hoped they would not be backward in defending the positions they had taken. He could not but think that they had injured the cause of Anti-Slavery by lowering the standard of principle.

Mr. Phillips regarded the Free Soil party as no longer in existence; it was dead or would be out of existence unless a platform was created for it upon which to stand in 1849.

Mr. Innis of Salem did not wish to be understood in any other light than as a friend of the Convention, though he must emphatically declare that he was a Free Soil man. He did not agree with the President of the Convention when he asserted that the Free Soil party was dead. He believed it lived and would grow in strength and power and he should labour to the promotion of that end. Mr. Innis here alluded to the Free Soil party in Salem, defending its course and censuring severely those members and ministers of orthodox churches who while giving money to aid the Anti Slavery cause went to the ballot box, and cast their votes for the dealer in bloodhounds and Southern slaveholder Zachary Taylor.

Mr. Garrison remarked that with regard to the Free Soil party, as to the issue of the extension of Slavery, that convention was with it as all Abolitionists were with it. On that point there was no controversy between them. But he would ask, was it right for any man or body of men while professing to abhor Slavery in California, to stand by it in South Carolinia, and Alabama, and other slaveholding States. How could such action be called consistent? The Free Soil party was like the Whig and Democratic parties: It was pledged to stand by the compromises of the Constitution. With regard to the Free Soilers of Massachusetts he would say, that he held in his hand a resolution adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives, of the State of Massachusetts, and adopted unanimously, extending an invitation to Zachary Taylor to visit the Commonwealth and tendering the respectful congratulations of the State. At the time of its adoption not a word was heard from the Free Soil members in opposition to it. Was this consistency? A dinner had but lately been got up by the idol-worshipping Whigs of New York in honour of the birth day of Henry Clay, and letters of invitation were extended to Zachary Taylor and Martin Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren, in replying to the invitation, expressed himself to the effect that he should feel himself honoured in attending the celebration of the birth day of such a man, and that too when he was fully aware of his slaveholding views, and of his being a large and opulent slaveholder. Here, then, was the professed embodiment of Free Soil doing homage to a slaveholder. They as Anti-Slavery men, he was rejoiced to say, desired no such union with slaveholders—no such fraternal association. Talk about Free Soilers! Would J. P. Hale, or J. R. Giddings speak against the compromises of the Constitution?

Mr. Innis here remarked that the letter of Mr. Van Buren's referred to was one of ceremony merely. He had not been recently in favour of Mr. Van Buren's nomination, but he considered that as lovers of human liberty they should do the best they could under the circumstances in which they were placed. He had his faults as well as others.

Mr. Garrison could not trust a party who would put forth such representatives, who would do evil that good might come. For one he must be guided in the course he pursued on this subject by principle. There must be no expedients, no delays. Should we sin now, that was the question. If there was sin in the government, or the Constitution, they should have nothing to do with it. He regarded this issue put forth by their Society of grappling with the Constitution and its compromises as the only one worthy of serious consideration. Mr. G. next commented, at some length, upon the course of Southern men, such as Mr. Hilliard in the House, and Mr. Calhoun in the Senate, as illustrative of the tenacity with which Southern men clung to *their* principles. He did not fear their "manifestos," however, considering that if driven to the point, the South would give way rather than take the consequences of a dissolution of the Union. He would go against all union with slaveholders as slaveholders.

Mr. White, of Watertown, next entered into an elaborate argument in defence of the Free Soil party, taking a similar position to that occupied by Mr. Innis; affirming that the Constitution was to be taken as it was, and that though some of its provisions might be defective and wrong in their character, yet that in view of the good results to be attained by obeying its mandates, its compromises should be adhered to. It would not be always so. The Constitution could be altered. He would ask those who were opposed to the Constitution and to any obedience to its provisions, whether they were not as tax payers giving of their property to its support and to the maintenance of the Union.

Mr. Burleigh here obtained the floor, but upon a

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention reassembled at three o'clock when Mr. Burleigh resumed the floor in reply to Mr. White. The speaker, he remarked, to whom he was replying, had stated that the character of the several provisions of the Constitution was of no particular consequence when the great result to be attained by a fulfilment of its edicts was borne in mind. Applying this principle to all moral action we were authorized to do wrong in order to accomplish some good.

Again they were told that the Constitution might be amended; that it would not always be as it was now. He would say that so long as the Constitution remained unamended those acting under it stood pledged to support it as it was, and it could never be amended until they had brought over two thirds of the States—not the people—in favour of such amendment. Those, therefore, who supported the Constitution, let it be for a longer or a shorter period, supported it in all its loathsomeness and deformity.

They were reminded that there were other ways of upholding the Constitution besides voting for it. It was intimated that the man who paid taxes to the Government was as really a party to the Pro-Slavery features of the Constitution as the man who, by voting to put men into office to execute the laws of the Constitution made himself a member of the party that ruled the slave. He thought there was a difference, and a wide one, on this point. There was the same difference between these two characters as there was between the man who joined a gang of robbers for the purpose of benefitting them, and mitigating the evils they produced, and the man who was plundered by those robbers and compelled to give them his property. The tax payer was but subject of the government; one of its serfs. Mr. Burleigh next adverted to the impossibility of regulating or abolishing the laws relating to the slave trade between the several States as long as Slavery existed; and after some little colloquial debate with Mr. Innis, gave way to Mr. May.

Mr. May stated that he had been patiently awaiting the end of the discussion, that had just taken place, in order to offer a resolution with reference to the finances.

The resolution provided that each person in the meeting should give a dollar or more in order to defray the expenses of the Convention.

On motion of Mr. Buffum the resolution was referred to the Committee on Finance, with instructions to give it immediate and affirmative action.

Mr. J. C. Nazro here made some very pertinent remarks in support of the motion made by Mr. Buffum, earnestly exhorting every friend of free discussion to contribute to the payment of the expenses of the Convention.

Mr. Burleigh again addressed the meeting upon the Free Soil movement, affirming that its tendency, like that of every mere political movement had been downward, and earnestly asseverating that our only dependence was upon a plain, bold, and forcible presentation of the truth from a high and commanding moral platform.

Theron Van Rensselaer, of New York, in a brief speech defended his course in joining the Free Soil party; asserting that it was done conscientiously, and that therefore he ought not to be blamed for such action.

Mr. Phillips took up the plea of sincerity set up by Free Soil men in justification of their course, and presented a very able argument in proof of its futility and groundlessness. He declared emphatically that, however sincere or conscientious in the course they had pursued they were nevertheless wrong, and by such action were doing serious mischief to the slave.

Mrs. Redlow here came forward and made a brief remonstrance against keeping Abby Folsom out of the meeting. (This course was forced upon the officers of the Convention by the intemperate and presuming conduct of that lady).

At 6 o'clock the Convention adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at 1-2 past 7 o'clock. Wm. W. Brown, a fugitive slave, sang two hymns, assisted by Mr. Watson.

Mr. Quincy then came forward and stated that at the request of the Business Committee he would offer the following resolution:—

Resolved, That it is our duty to agitate the question till the soil of New England is pure enough to free any man who sets foot upon it, and meanwhile we pledge ourselves to trample under foot any law which allows the slaveholder to hunt fugitives through our borders, and not only to make New England, so far as in us lies, an asylum for the oppressed, but to proclaim the fact so loudly that the glad tidings may reach every slave hut of the South.

Mr. Q. supported the resolution in the following able speech:

It seems to me Mr. President that this resolution, connected with the concluding words of the song, which my friend Mr. Brown just uttered in our ears, form a pregnant text for the discussion of this Convention, particularly at this period of its proceedings. During this week this city is thronged as was Jerusalem of old, when some of the high festivals of the Jewish Church were celebrated. From all parts of New England, from every portion of our Palestine—from Dan to Beersheba, the High Priests and Levites come up as it were to the city of their God. They have come up here to strengthen each others hands, to extend the lines and make strong the stakes of their sectarian Tabernacles. They have come up here to consult together, and to comfort one another. This city, during this week is crowded with the religion of New England, with the pastors and their flocks—with the honourable women—the great judges—the learned lawyers—the Rabbis—and the Pharisees.—What have they come up here to consider? Why have they thus assembled themselves together?—Why it is as they profess, and as many of them doubtless think, to do God acceptable service, and to consult together as to what is the best manner in which they can worship and render Him an acceptable service during the coming year. These lofty temples which men have erected from the granite of New England, even while I speak, are resounding with the religious harangues of our Doctors of Divinity calling on man to remember the heathen, to recollect the destitute of their own land, and to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. And the heart of woman is stirred, and the eyes of manhood are wet when they reflect over the sufferings of the pagans by the Banks of the Ganges, and those in the destitute portions of the country where the gospel light scarcely shines, and where gospel privileges are but little known.

What, Mr. President, do we see here to night? A cause consecrated by eloquence, yet rejected and despised by the religious of the land. This is the only place we can find in this city where we can assemble to be heard in behalf of the slave. Why we are shut out of every church, of every denomination upon this Peninsula? What do we see here? Men as good as brother Storrs or as Mr. Blagden. Men made in the image of God, for whom Christ died; men who in the eye of Omniscience, in the day of judgment will be seen only in the light of their souls, and not according to the colour of their skins. These immortal beings are here, and how are they here? They are here after having threaded wildernesses, and swam rivers, and after having fought the bloodhounds, and escaped the rifles of American Christians. Here they are after having been confined for days, not in a dungeon, but in a coffin—a living grave; gladly enduring all the agonies of suffocation, of thirst, and of starvation, in the hope that they may peradventure escape from Slavery and pass a remnant of their days in liberty. Here is a precious commentary on the text of Boston and New England Christianity! Are these men safe in the churches of Boston? Would they be protected by the Christianity of Boston? The Christianity of Boston—as it is—boasts of being a law-abiding Christianity, and as we all know from the bloody butchery of last week a law-executing Christianity. If Ellen Craft were to fly for protection to the horns of the altar of the Old South Church, and if her master should come, or the marshal of the district should come armed with the warrant of the District Judge, to tear her from those horns, and to take her back into the hell of an escaped slave—would the pastor of that Church plant himself before her and receive the blows of the slaveholder in his own bosom? Would not that church and the churches of every denomination in their aggregate capacity deliver up Ellen Craft to her pursuers if they came for her according to the authority of law? What is such a Christianity as that worth? There is something ennobling in the fanaticism which leads the Hindoo to prostrate himself before the car of Juggernaut under a mistaken sense of duty, for there is self-sacrifice—death incurred from a false sense of duty. But, good God! what is the fanaticism of American Christianity which induces her to throw, not herself, but helpless, bleeding victims—their brethren and sisters—under the car of our American Juggernaut to be crushed to powder. Sir, this is truly American Christianity—well worthy of this shop-keeping nation. Take Wm. W. Brown and William and Ellen Craft, and our friend who escaped in the box, who will presently be introduced to you:—take them and offer them up as sacrifices—look with complacency upon their sufferings, and then thank God that we are a law-abiding people, and that we are not as other men are, law-breakers because that which the law bids us do we do, and for the reason that our fathers saw fit to make a wicked contract with the oppressor. I abhor such a Christianity as that. It is not the Christianity for me. The God of such a religion is not my God. The Bible which teaches such a religion is not the book in which I read my duty. Sir, I can teach the teachers of such a religion. I can better the instructions of such a Bible. Mr. President, the text of American Christianity is all abroad this week. You will see it written on the sidewalks, as you traverse the streets, in the black coats and white cravats that throng the pavement. If you arise at daybreak you may go to the early prayer-meeting and hear *holy men* wrestling with God for a blessing. You may go through the day, and even until the midnight hour you will be pursued by the voices of prayer and exhortation. But they are prayers and exhortations in which these brethren and sisters of ours have no part—in which they are not lifted up to a throne of grace. They are the Pariahs of this land and the Brahmins pass them by. They may suffer life-long servitude; their skins may be bared to the paddle and the lash, but their souls, according to the doctrine of evangelical sects are going down daily into everlasting perdition for the want of the Bible that is denied them. And yet the American clergy and American Church are silent with here and there a rare exception.—Men of Massachusetts, everything you hear and see to-night is full of meaning; pregnant with thought. [illegible] fore you, remember that by the laws of this land—which bind you as well as the inhabitants of South Carolina—they are slaves—the property of other men. Remember that they are debited the right to read of God, of Christ, in that gospel about which so much is heard this *holy* week in this *holy* city. Remember that they are condemned by the decision of American people to lifelong servitude in this world, and to everlasting damnation in the world to come. Good Heavens! sir, what a people is this! What a nation of Atheists, of infidels, of hypocrites! It almost seems marvellous that the fire of heaven delays; that we are not consumed as were Sodom and Gomorrah of old for the crimes of this people. Again I ask you to remember, when you see these men and women to-night, that this is the condition to which your laws have reduced them, and which you as Americans sustain. When you have read the text, listened to the commentary, then consider whether these are laws which will bear to be registered in the Chancery of Heaven. Whether these laws which make them slaves, and which bind you and me to their support—are legitimate laws—laws that will receive the sanction of the Most High God—for no other laws are binding upon the children of God;—and, in the light of these truths, and in the presence of these witnesses, swear that no fugitive slave shall ever be taken from you—that your roof shall be a shelter, your hearth a protection, and that you will not rest until your native State is made the home of the slave, as well as farcically called the home of the free—until the slave escaping here is safe as when he lands upon the fast-anchored Isle and his fetters drops from his limbs, and he stands up a man. Let Massachusetts become indeed a free State—a State where all who inhabit it, all who fly to it for refuge shall be recognised in their humanity—their rights—as immortal beings, acknowledged, and treated as the brethren of men, and the children of God deserve to be treated.

Mr. Wm. W. Brown, a fugitive slave, was very glad that the resolution had been brought forward that evening, as it seemed to be a resolution called for at that particular time. He considered it to be a test resolution. It was to test the genuineness of those who professed to be the friends of the slave. It called upon them not only to labour for the overthrow of Slavery, but to make Massachusetts free—so that the slave might come there and be protected. It called upon them to trample under foot the Constitution and its compromises with the slaveholder. It was peculiarly appropriate because among them upon the platform were fugitives fresh from the land of Slavery. And these fugitives, when they came to Boston who did they enquire for? Not the clergy or any of the several denominations, but the Abolitionists. They knew who were their friends.

Mr. B., here introduced to the meeting Henry Brown, whom he jocularly termed "Boxer," who had lately escaped from Slavery in a "box," also Ellen Craft and her husband. Their appearance on the platform created a marked sensation; and Brown told the following story of his escape:

"While at Richmond, though he box was legibly and distinctly marked "this side up with care," it was placed on end, with his head downwards. He felt strange pains and was preparing himself to die, preferring liberty or death to Slavery, and he gave no sign. He was however relieved from this painful position, and encountered no other danger than the rough handling of the box, until it arrived at Washington. When the porters, who had charge of it, reached the depot there, they threw or dropped it with violence to the ground, and it rolled down a small hill, turning over two or three times. This he thought was bad enough, but the words he heard filled him with anguish, and brought with them the blackness of despair. They were, that the box was so heavy it could not be forwarded on that night, but must lay over twenty-four hours. In the language of the fugitive, "My heart swelled in my throat; I could scarcely breathe; great sweats came over me; I gave up all hope. But it was not into my remembrance that the preacher had said 'it is good to pray at all times.' So I tried to pray, 'Lord Jesus, put it into the hearts of these men to find a way to send this box forward.' While I was yet praying, a man came in and said 'that box must go on; it's the express mail.' Oh, what relief I felt. It was taken into the depot, and I was placed head downwards again for the space of half an hour. My eyes were swollen almost out of my head, and I was fast becoming insensible, when the position was changed."

"He arrived in Philadelphia after many hair breadth escapes, and the box was taken to the house to which it was directed. The panting inmate heard voices whispering; afterwards more men came in. They were doubtful or fearful about opening the box. He lay still, not knowing who the people were. Finally, one of them knocked on the box, and asked, "Is all right here?" "All right," echoed from the box. The finale of this simple tale was received with deafening shouts.

"In corroboration of it, Rev. S. J. May said he was in Philadelphia in the midst of the excitement caused by this wonderful adventure. He said that, for obvious reasons, he could not give the name of the person to whom it was consigned, but he knew him as a warm-hearted friend of humanity. That gentleman had told him Mr. M., that when the box arrived at his house, he was overcome with agitation. The man might be dead. He hoped, yet feared. It might be necessary to call a coroner. He finally assembled several true friends, and then tremblingly asked, "Is all right here?" The voice came up, as if from the grave, "All right." The reaction of his feelings was so great as to stop his breath; but when he could speak he wildly exclaimed, "You are the greatest man in America."

The fugitive, when released, after stretching his limbs, did not appear fatigued. The glorious sense of freedom was upon him in his heart, pervading his whole being, and burst out into song. This was his appropriate anthem of deliverance:

"I waited patiently, and the Lord has delivered me."

Such, concluded Mr. May is the man who hath been added to the freemen of the North. Shall we not receive him as a brother beloved? [Loud bellas responded to the question.]

A collection to defray expenses was then taken up.

Mr. G. W. F. Mellen here undertook to offer some resolutions in place of the one that was submitted by Mr. Quincy—declaring his decided opposition to it—but was ruled out of order by the chair. Mr. [illegible] appealed from the decision to the Convention, but the chair was sustained, and the "Habeas Corpus" gentleman took his seat in much wrath and tribulation.

Mr. Garrison felt his spirit bowed down in view of the audience before him, and the fugitives on the platform. He did not marvel at the aspect of the South on the subject of Slavery—for there was not, in all her borders, one single press to advocate the cause of the slave; and the tone of the Northern Press, the Northern Pulpit, the Northern Church

was of a character that but strengthened her in her proud and imperious demands. [Mr. G. here alluded to some noisy manifestations on the part of some of the audience, administering a severe, but well-deserved rebuke to several groups of young men who had been hissing and stamping in order to confuse the meeting]. Mr. G. next adverted to the noble stand taken by the people of England on the subject of Slavery, from the Prince Royal down to the humblest peasant, and after noticing the fact that the Old and New School Assemblies, in the sessions which they had just concluded, had refused to entertain the question of Slavery—

Gave way to Mr. Phillips.

Mr. P. said, we sometimes, in the course of these discussions, touch upon questions that become almost unintelligible to those who have not time to investigate at length the Anti-Slavery question. It seems to me, however, that to-night we have in the persons of those who have appeared, an appeal that the simplest cannot misunderstand, and that the most prejudiced cannot refuse to see. We do not ask you to determine questions of Government or Religion. We do not ask you to settle the dogmas of theological or political economy, but we ask you to listen to the dictates of humanity, the better impulses of your heart. Before you stand poor and oppressed fugitives. They came out from the midst of perils, such as the liveliest fancy cannot exaggerate. If there is any romance in life—and over the ordinary romances of the day people will linger with intense interest—the escape of the slave across the border land forms that romance. Fresh from scenes of oppression and cruelty—carrying in their every heart the evidence of the most degrading type of humanity—have they come among us. I appeal to every American man or woman that hears me, and ask him or her what is their duty in the premises. Here, before you, stands your brother man. Will you shield him here, or give him up. The law says you must take the latter course. Every church in this city, with perhaps one or two uncertain exceptions, would say it is a dereliction of duty to the Government for you to receive Ellen Craft, or encourage her in her escape from her master. And there are even some trembling Abolitionists who go so far as to say that they would not tempt a slave to leave his master. That is the moral sense of the Puritanism of New England. Oh, of all scoundrels that disgrace God's earth, the religious scoundrel is the basest. You know that I do not pervert the tone of the religious sentiment of Boston when I say that it condemns us to night for harbouring fugitive slaves. The clergy and Church of Boston would not in any way lend their sanction to such *unpatriotic* conduct. And yet I would ask if we find any such course pointed out for us to follow in the New Testament? To follow their example would not be walking in the steps of the Great Master. Is it Christianity to receive salaries of two thousand and twenty-five hundred dollars for preaching discourses besprinkled with quotations from Shakespeare and Milton, and drawn from Plato and Socrates? Is it Christianity to care nothing for our fellow-man and all for ourselves? Is it Christianity to simply execute certain regular moral duties and outward forms, such as are necessary in order to worldly comfort? That is not Christianity; that is habit. Any man would do that from the lowest dictate of selfishness. It is a path that has been trodden by our fathers, and it is walked in as of old. When a Christian sees a course to be followed which calls upon him to make something like self-denial—when it calls upon him to strip off some of the beauteous adornments in which society has dressed him, and to be of no reputation, when he has to stand singly and meet a thousand obstacles in the way of resentment and misunderstanding and slander; when I say the message comes to that man to enter into such a work, does his heart respond here Lord am I, send me whither thou wilt. When with the call of a new idea the Master knocks at the door of the heart of his reputed disciple, is there an answer from within, "I am ready?" If there be such an answer, then we see a Christian. Now to the conservative, the respectful, the decent Christianity of the American continent, comes the call of three millions of slaves demanding something of it—something of the white race. Duty calls her to a work of righteousness. She has followed the Sandwich Islander with salvation—she has poured out her wealth like water to rain upon the down-trodden of every other nation but her own. It was to the religionists of the land that the slave made his appeal, and they have answered him with silence and his friends with slander. Tried in the balance of the necessities of the Nineteenth Century, the Church is wanting. Mr. P. proceeded with a most vigorous and scathing review of the course of Christians generally. Was the Christianity of the Nineteenth Century seeking out the abodes of the poor and the despised; relieving poverty, breaking down the unjust and cruel prejudices of men? Was she ameliorating the penal code—doing away with the barbarisms of a former age? The drum-beat of Christendom was never silent the globe round. Efforts were constantly being made by her for distant nations and people, none for her crying wounded, and broken-hearted brethren at home. He had seen in a New-York paper lately, an elaborate statement, showing that the United States was the chosen nation of the world to carry out the great missionary enterprises of the age. White-robed innocent! angel of light truly! carrying the glad message "No teachers, no Bible, no husband, no wife," to the bleeding and oppressed men of the South. Of all ministers, he thought the American minister was the blindest. It would seem as if he shut his own eyes to see, yet saying that nobody else could see God. The question they, as a Convention, as Anti-Slavery men were discussing, was a plain one. We were surrounded with fugitive slaves. They had proved their manhood by their escape. Was it right to defend, to succour them? Where was the Christian man who would say no; let him never insult Christianity by taking upon him its name.

Mr. P. concluded with an eloquent exhortation to the members of the Convention to work on in the way they had marked out untiringly, perseveringly, unflinchingly.

The Convention then adjourned.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION.

The Convention met again this morning at half-past ten o'clock, the President in the Chair. The resolutions offered yesterday were first read.

Finances.—Mr. Quincy moved that at half-past eleven o'clock the subject of the finances of the Society be taken up and some plan for Anti-Slavery operations during the ensuing year considered and discussed.

Mr. Burton seconded the motion and it was carried.

Free Discussion.—Mr. Innis asked that the resolution before the Society passed on yesterday, be again taken up. He would move its reconsideration.

The vote to reconsider was lost.

Mr. Miller wished to have entered in the proceedings of the Convention a protest against the manner in which he had been gagged down on the preceding evening.

A member of the Convention suggested that perhaps the protest was too long for publication, and therefore hoped it would be laid on the table.

Mr. Quincy moved that that the protest be laid on the table, but that the Secretaries state the fact in their digest of the proceedings, and give the substance of it. The motion was carried.

Resolutions.—Mr. Quincy then moved that the three resolutions relating to the Church be taken up and considered.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Innis would like to say a few words with reference to the resolutions, although he was not a member of the Church, and never expected to be. He regarded the Church as the great supporter of Slavery and consequently corrupt. If a member of the Church, however, he would not leave it but would stay in it and reform it as much as possible. He cited several instances of pro-slavery action of the ministers in Salem, which had forced him to leave the churches there that he had been in the habit of attending. He would ask the Society as they had come out of the Church, why they would not form an Anti-Slavery Church—have a pure Church to which they who loved consistency might come. He had been called an infidel, but he loved God and all God's poor. He would as soon receive a coloured person to his table and give them a bed, if they required it, as a white person. He considered that the election of Gen. Taylor proved that this was an anti-Christian nation, and condemned the course of Christian societies obtaining expressions of opinion in behalf of their efforts from the leading men of the nation, who were practically unbelievers. He regarded the practice of the Church as eminently inconsistent; and if it would not get out of the way of the Anti-Slavery movement or engage in it we should not stop for it but go right ahead. We could convert those who were out of the Church quicker than those in it.

Frederick Douglass was glad of an opportunity of bearing his testimony in favour of the resolutions under consideration. We were repeatedly told by church members, by ministers and those who disliked the spirit and tone of their Anti-Slavery meetings, that the great reason why they could not unite with them in their movement was that they were so rash and radical, and intemperate in their language; that they, in a word, dealt in the slang of infidelity. We had now the language of Mr. Burnet, of London, who stood well at least in England with the dissenting churches, and never had been suspected of infidelity, and he bore unequivocal testimony of the integrity of the position taken by the Abolitionists, especially of New England, with regard to Slavery. We were urged, in the language of one of the resolutions, to leave the Church. This was the great stumbling block in the way of those who were at all tinctured with Anti-Slavery sentiment. He had experienced the same impediment when he first discovered the sinful position of the American Church. He had been in the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church for some dozen years before he left it. He had thought it the purest Church in the world. He had never regretted leaving it. Of course he had experienced some natural regret in leaving old associations, but the voice of duty bid him bury those feelings forever. He had once been afraid that he could not live as a Christian should without the encouragement of a Christian Church; but he believed now that it was clearly possible for a *true man* to have such confidence in principle, such an attachment of righteousness as to be able to stand alone in any community, and stand uprightly too. From observation he was fully convinced that those impressed with Anti-Slavery views who remained in the Church, soon became so interested in the affairs of the Church as to neglect the Anti-Slavery cause, and give up its advocacy almost entirely. They, as Abolitionists, should draw a clear line of demarkation between them and the Church. The only way to convert the Church to their views was to come out and stand aloof from it. They should take the broad ground that a Church countenancing or fellowshipping Slavery in any of its aspects was not a Christian Church, but a sinning Church, and consequently should not receive their support. This was the only way they could make men respect them. He could no more worship in one of the so-called Christian Churches than he could in the hold of a pirate ship. When he went into any of them he went as a spy in order that he might more clearly exhibit their hypocricy and inconsistency. They should not grow tired of reiterating their sentiments on this question even if they were old. They should persevere in well doing. As he saw the time for the consideration of the subject of finances had arrived, a word with reference to it before concluding. There was a great lack of energy and effort he thought at the present time in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause which required that they should renewedly go to work. This was the case particularly in those States where the Free Soil movement had been most strenuously supported. It was the case in the State of New York.

Mr. Innis here requested that Mr. Douglass should speak to the resolutions and not on the Free Soil movement.

The Presiding Officer, stated that as the hour for the consideration of the finances had arrived Mr. D. had better give way.

Mr. Phillips from the Business Committee in the absence of the chairman reported the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the friends of the cause be earnestly requested to place in the hands of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Society funds sufficient to carry on their usual series of One Hundred Conventions with official reference to the Western counties of this State, to Vermont and Western Connecticut in coöperation with the plans of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and with this view those representing town or other Societies are invited to pledge not only for themselves but in behalf of those societies.

A collection was then taken up, Mr. Douglass at the same time addressing the Convention on the question of finances, by request of the presiding officer.

He had been saying, he remarked, when interrupted, that the Free Soil movement had left the public mind in many places in a dead and torpid state with regard to the Slavery question. Abolitionists on whom they had relied for aid in every emergency, had been swept away from their platform by the movement and had lost their zeal for the cause. This Free Soil movement had seduced the Liberty Party papers from their high position. It had weakened the tone of that press, and in many instances, had swallowed the Liberty Party papers entire, reducing them to mere Free Soil organs. The Free Sellers in their canvass had employed but very few of the old agents of the Liberty Party, and they had occupied the ground in their stead, unsettling the minds of Abolitionists as to the best means of operating against Slavery, and, upon the whole, he thought it had done a serious injury in preventing old organized, straight-forward, concentrated Anti-Slavery action. He (Mr. D.) had no doubt that their course would always be followed by some kind of party claiming alliance with the Anti-Slavery movement. Looking at these things, in this light, it was manifest that the cause rested upon their shoulders—the hopes of the slave were bound up in their triumph. It was our duty then to promote the success of the work in every possible way. They should make issue with the prejudice against colour on board the steamboat, in the hotel, and upon every opportune occasion. He was coming down the Hudson River the other day with two English ladies under his charge, in the steamboat Alida. Captain Frederick T. Stone, when hearing the dinner-bell ring, he took the ladies into the dining saloon and sat down with them at the table. Some of the passengers immediately arose, and the steward and officers of the boat came and told him that he must not eat with the white passengers. Upon rising to go away the passengers gave three cheers at their *great* and *glorious* triumph over a poor coloured man. He did not see one single individual who appeared to sympathise for his situation; not one opened his mouth in his behalf. If he had been a coloured servant he might have stayed and taken dinner with the ladies, after the other passengers had retired, but being a coloured gentleman he was not allowed even to sit with his friends after all the white passengers had finished their dinners. It was only those Abolitionists who were willing daily to make issue with this pro-slavery spirit, that could be relied upon in the day of trial, or at any other period. The pathway of the true Abolitionist was strewn with sacrifices. They should go to work with renewed zeal and vigour. The peculiar situation of the cause at this precise time demanded it. In the State of New York there were as many as three hundred towns in which an Anti-Slavery lecture had never been delivered. There was not now a single Anti-Slavery lecturer in the State to his knowledge except Mr. Glyman, of the Liberty League, who was occupied mainly in discussing the Land Reform, Slavery only being spoken of occasionally. He called upon the friends of the cause to come up and work anew. Their every effort was needed, and they should work as if the salvation of every slave depended upon their efforts.

Mr. Stephen S. Foster desired to make a few remarks with reference to the subject of Finance, as the Convention had resolved to proceed to its consideration. In commercial affairs business men had learned that there was a time to buy and a time to sell. Stephen Girard had said that he started in life with the rule in mind always to sell when everybody else was buying, and always to buy when everybody else was selling. Acting upon this principle he had realized an immense fortune. In the moral world there was a time to work and a time to rest; and his own idea of the matter was that the time to work was when everybody else was resting, and the time to rest when everybody else was working. If that rule was correct, now was the time for Abolitionists to work, for everybody else was resting. The Liberty Party, thanks to Free Soil! was resting. The Free Soil movement was wrapped in a deep mesmeric sleep, from which it was doubtful whether it would ever awaken. The old Whig and Democratic parties were among the things that were. As for the Churches, they had come to the conclusion that revivals of truth and righteousness were never again to be held. The field was open to them—it was white to the harvest. The good seed had been sown many years since, and they, as Abolitionists, had only to go out and gather in the harvest. Every State of the Union almost was ripe for the sickle. The public mind had everywhere changed essentially in regard to Abolition movements and speakers. The public prints were all talking of the great change that had come over the American Anti-Slavery Society at its late meetings. Wendell Phillips had become quite a gentleman and Parker Pillsbury quite sane. When Mr. Pillsbury last spoke, his speech was spoken of as quite rational, yet he (Mr. F.) thought it one of his most extravagant efforts. He had felt much inclined even to speak to him to be a little more rational in his arguments; not but that they were true, but that the positions taken were not expedient. The audience who heard the gentleman, to whom he had referred, knew that they were much more conformed in their views, to those presented by these speakers, than they ever had been before. They fancied they had been stationary, and Wendell Phillips and Parker Pillsbury had receded from their former ultra positions. The truth was audience and speakers had been going ahead, but the community had made a more rapid progress in their affiliation and conformity to Anti-Slavery sentiments than they were in any degree aware. Mr. Foster concluded with urging the necessity of immediate and vigorous effort in the form of personal labour and contribution in carrying forward the Anti-Slavery work.

Mr. C. L. Remond wished to make a brief explanation with regard to his supposed connection with the Free Soil party. He had voted for Stephen C. Phillips for Governer in consideration of what he had done for the elevation of coloured children, in the way of coloured schools, and in preference to pro-slavery candidates. He regarded the Free Soil movement simply as an expedient, while the Anti-Slavery cause was with him a principle.

Mr. Phillips would state that Mr. Remond had never been arraigned by their Society; his explanation that morning was a voluntary one. As regarded connection with the Free Soil movement, Mr. R., from his own showing, had adopted a course solely for expediency's sake, and as he, (Mr. W.) had before stated, he regarded all such connection as very unwise, and he could not but think that the safest and best course was to stand aloof from all such organization, and with a single eye carry out their own pure and consistent principles.

Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster next made a few forcible remarks, urging united and vigorous action, after which the Convention took its regular recess.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convention met at quarter to three o'clock, and having been called to order, the Rev. Sumner Lincoln, of New Hampshire, presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That as religion is the strongest element of the human character, all reforms to be thorough or permanent are and must be based upon it by the advocates and friends of the same, and carried in its spirit.

Religion, he said, was a bond of freedom, and the strongest bond on earth. It bound man to all that was great and true on earth, and in heaven. Why, he would ask, should it not be an element of great power, if it bound the heart of man to his fellow-man and to his God? Jefferson had said he trembled for his country in looking upon the institution of Slavery, when he remembered that God was just. The slaveholder experienced the same feeling when examining himself in the light of the gospel. We see the power of religion in the sacrifices made for virtue. We saw it beautifully exhibited in the life of the Son of God. It was with him the strongest tie. With this element in his character he proclaimed the truth everywhere, fearlessly and without discouragement. He came into the world that religion might become a home in every heart, and be illustrated in every holy and happy life. Look at the disciples—their love, virtue and faith. Men of the world animated by its stirring, holy motives, had dared death in its most horrid forms.

Every reform, therefore, should be based upon it, and the doctrines of religion required this of them. Slavery was at war with religion—with the laws of God, and therefore it was that we should seek for its everlasting downfall. If this accursed system was destroyed, the law of holy intercourse between man and man could be strengthened and perpetuated, bringing with it, of course, great and good results.

Another reason in favour of the resolution was that religion was the only power, emanating as it did, from God, that could safely guide us under all circumstances. In that resolution was evidenced a reason why those seeking the emancipation of the slave should be governed and guided by religion. One reason why men would not assist in carrying forward the work of Anti-Slavery was because man had not the love of God, of immortal souls in their hearts. There was a class of men in the Church whose influence went greatly to perpetuate the system of Slavery. They were those who not having correct views of the heinousness of sin, or through covetousness were bound by certain habits, and in the practice of indulging in certain things. They could excuse the slaveholding professor by saying that owing to the circumstances in which he was placed he was compelled to compromit his conscience, and commit sin in the same manner in which they had been guilty of committing other sins in the North. It was the sin by which they had been most strongly tempted, that they yielded to. From this it would be seen that the influence of this class of men went to uphold Slavery, by throwing over it the religious sanction. The highest sanction in the world was that of religion; next to it, that of Government. Here it was that if they would carry forward their cause triumphantly, they should show to the world that religion had nothing to do with the support of Slavery but was unjoined to blast it forever.

There had never been, there never could be, any true religion in slaveholding. Slaveholders were not in the possession of the religion of Jesus Christ; and they could claim no support to their system from His teachings. Christ's religion was at utter war with all their practice.

Mrs. Rendlow had been highly gratified to see a minister in good and regular standing in his denomination coming up and occupying the Anti-Slavery platform, and advocating the principles there promulgated.

She had been pleased to hear the necessity of religion in connection with this movement so forcibly presented by him. In the commencement of this enterprise the founders made their appeal to the Church to come up with them that they might unitedly labour for the extirpation of the great sin of Slavery.

The Church would not respond to the call. They turned a cold shoulder to them. They stared missionaries and refused to listen to these appeals made in long suffering by the Abolitionists. Nevertheless the Abolitionists persevered in their efforts. They laboured long years in vain, and at last came to the conclusion that if the Church really possessed the spirit of Christ, His holy and blessed religion, they would not turn their backs upon them, but come up to their aid and support. Hence they had called it a spurious Christianty. Hence they had heard American Christianity called a lie and she would reiterate the sentiment. She, (Mrs. K.) spoke of the American clergy and Church as a whole. She knew there were many glorious and noble exceptions. Some she had been acquainted with who had been compelled to leave their situations and endure great persecution in consequence of their adherence to this cause. It was now the duty of all to come up and declare that the Church was possessed of a devil. They must undeceive the people with regard to the clergy and the Church. A gentleman had stated in the Convention, in the morning, that if in a church he would stay and seek to reform it. Why, she would ask, did he not stay in one of the old political parties and try to reform it instead of coming out and joining the Free Soilers. This was the error of Free Soil men who came out from political parties; they would not come out from the Church which was crushing in the dust the blood-stained bondmen of the South. It was a fact that unless these persons left the Church they would become torpid, and like the Church, that is if their eyes had been fully opened to the evil of Slavery They must make compromises in the Church if they would not be expelled, and the consequence was, that their Anti-Slavery sentiment would be curbed and weakened, and gradually destroyed. If Abolitionists were true to God and did their whole duty—showing the Church faithfully its sins and faltered not, it was certain if they did not leave the Churches they would be expelled. A true Christian could no more stay in the churches of this land than he could in Pandemonium. She was of opinion that they had been too tame with reference to the church.—They had not been faithful enough in doing their whole duty to the church. They should go to the churches and beard the lion in his den. Several of the denominations had open meetings and without infringing upon their order they as Abolitionists could attend them and exhort those assembled together to come up to the help of God and show them their remissness on the subject. By this plan they might not be able to convince the leaders but they might affect and interest the people. The common people of the church did not understand their movement. They attended no Anti-Slavery meetings because of prejudicial reports against them. Great good might be done in this way. To be sure they might pray and sing one down as she had been, but in the end they would certainly succeed. The had faith in the power of Divine truth, and seed could not be sown without bringing forth fruit. In this way we could show the common people the truth and perhaps be the means of converting them to these principles.

There was nothing like coming up to the Anti-Slavery work courageously and manfully and strong in the power of the Lord.

It was their duty to labour to do away with the prejudice against colour. In travelling through the country in steamboats and in stages, Abolitionists had the opportunity of testifying against this wicked and unfounded prejudice. She would as leave have a coloured husband as a white one as her friend. She had no objection to colour. We should go and sit in the negro pew and in the Jim Crow car. Thus we might frown down by our example a glaring sin of the age.

Rev. Mr. Lincoln would add a word more with regard to the resolution he had offered. One reason why he had brought it forward, was because there was a feeling abroad in the community that they were infidels and opposed to Christianity. He did not believe it. The individuals who first commenced this Anti-Slavery work did it from a supreme reverence for truth and righteousness. Perhaps they, as Anti-Slavery men, should be more cautious in their remarks about religion. In speaking against the Church they might be understood as speaking against religion. This was not their design or intent. They held it be their duty to hold up the pure light of religion, so that the darkness of sin might be revealed. He held that we should except and give honour to those Christian churches and ministers who were truly Anti-Slavery in their character and practice.

Rev. Mr. Russell, of Hingham, would speak with pleasure upon the resolution just offered. Abolitionists were truth seekers. They were a Church of themselves. Mrs. L. had said no one could be a true Christian who did not come out from the Church. He himself was not a come-outer in the strongest sense of the word. He believed that those who feared God and obeyed his law, it mattered not whether in the Church or out of it, were themselves of the true Church. He rejoiced that their friends were willing to allow at this stage of their Anti-Slavery enterprise a resolution of that character because it seemed to him to manifest a willingness on their part to have the public mind understand that they did not ignore religion in its true sense but that their religious expression was that which took the peculiar mode of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. We were all progressive; and he felt that with the religious element so prominent in their enterprise, they were beginning to become one of the come-outer churches. They were in their chrysalis state—one of those churches which by and by some one more radical than themselves would also condemn, for he trusted the truth was not all wrapped up in the nut-shell of American Slavery. In the spirit of this resolution they were to impress Anti-Slavery feeling upon the public mind, combining themselves into one of the forms of the true Church—seeking first and foremost over the foundation of all spiritual and intellectual development, the freedom of the body which God had so curiously given to every human being, and secondly the freedom of the mind and affection.

He desired to say a word with reference to worship. A Christian did not go to church to exhibit his religion. As the affections become spiritually enlarged, they threw themselves out into a devotional expression—causing one to feel that God might be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

We know that the minds of men differed upon forms of worship. If he saw that man who stood aloof from the Church were more consistent in their example, and possessed more of the spirit of Christ, than he must respect them for their consistency. Religion did not consist in forms of worship. True religion would induce a man to go out into the world and follow in the steps of the Divine Master. True religion would induce cultivation of the mind and the affections. Those who possessed a true devotional spirit might have it burning perhaps at a different altar from the one on which his neighbor fell, and be expressed in a form not congenial to his likes, but what of that? Some of the most radical of the Anti-Slavery men he would be surprised to find the synagogue by that sainted bottom them on this point. He would have them, in carrying forward this great enterprise, remember the souls of the men they sought to free; and that it was not merely the body that was oppressed by Slavery, but the affections were perverted and the spiritual part of the soul degraded and crushed out of existence. He would have them remember in carrying out the great enterprise that they were carrying forward a work that went to the true foundation of religion, and that they should show by their works that their faith was consistent and pure.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury did not know whether he would be believed or not, when he said that he had been much interested in the remarks made with respect to the religious character of the Anti-Slavery movement. If there was anything in which they were misunderstood it was in regard to this fact. It was plainly evident from the past history of the Anti-Slavery cause, that nothing but an Almighty Protector could have sustained and brought it forward. No enterprise had encountered so great opposition as that of Slavery. Yet it had survived the malice of the Church and the persecution of the world.

What great trials was the Church encountering now; or what trials had it passed through during the last fifty years. Clergymen who could not get good salaries would go as Chaplains in the Army and Navy. There were no privations or self-denials or acts of apostolic heroism now-a-days.

The Anti-Slavery cause had met and triumphed over difficulties. And they were sanctioned by religion in those trials. It was only that element that had brought them thus far forward. The present meeting was a large one. It showed an increase of interest in the cause. Such had been the case in New-York. The Tabernacle was thronged to overflowing upon the occasion of the late meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The religious Anniversaries had been but thinly attended in comparison to this meeting. The ministers in attendance from the East at the religious Anniversaries were but few. There was nothing to bring them together. There was nothing new to talk about. There was no inducement or stimulus that could draw them together.

Allusion had been made to the Free Soil movement; he would say with reference to it that there were men in it whom he highly honoured. Those whom he honoured were those who were Anti-Slavery when it cost something to be Anti-Slavery. They were worthy of honour. There were ministers who had joined the Anti-Slavery cause when it cost something to advocate its principles. He was glad to see some five or six of them there and hear from them. The Anti-Slavery cause was a vital and living cause, and it was for that reason that the humanity of the Church and the world found its way into it. The religion of the present age gave the lie to that which was formerly practised in the days of the Apostles. It used to cost something to belong to the Church—now it cost nothing; but the thing was reversed, and it cost something not to belong to it. The true Abolitionist never calculated what it would cost to carry on the Anti-Slavery cause. They, as Anti-Slavery men, had met with difficulties such as no enterprise had encountered, but they had counted the cost and would carry on the work to its fulfilment.

The ministers of the aristocracy were but the tools of that class. Was it not a humiliating and degrading position for them to occupy?

It took something to make a man. It was easy enough to make a Methodist or politician, but not a man. This was an age for heroes as well as in the days of the revolution. He would that there were a Patrick Henry in every town to say "Give me liberty, or give me death!" It was a moral revolution which they were carrying forward, much more glorious and great than that of their fathers. We needed heroes, moral heroes, greater than the heroes of the days of the revolution. To the young men who came to that meeting to hiss—where alone true liberty was to be found—he would say come and go with us; a field vast and glorious is open to your enterprise and ambition: be found on the side of truth rather than error.

Rev. Samuel J. May of Syracuse thought Priestianity one thing, and Christianity another.

Who could define religion better than Jesus Christ?—His gospel was the only basis of all true reforms. He considered that men were looking much deeper into the character and practice of the Christian religion now than they ever had been before. Sectarianism was decreasing in its power and bitterness.

What was the peculiarity of Christ's religion? It was the custom of the Jews to teach implicitly obedience to God; but the peculiarity of Christianity was that added by Jesus to the Jewish faith. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." That was the peculiarity of Christ's religion. A number assembled to hear what a man vice rendered to God. In the chapter in which the great day of final account was spoken of, the reward was given unto those who "had laboured for Christ in the world." The language there held read "I was hungry and ye gave me meat," &c. "And inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these little ones ye did it unto me."

We should love our neighbour as ourself; and who was our neighbour? That was the question now to decide. The rich and the prosperous were not the neighbours referred to in the Saviour's command, but the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the down trodden. He believed with his whole heart that the work in which they were engaged was a part of the great work of the world's reformation and salvation. He had thought so from the commencement. He had heard Mr. Garrison the first time he lectured in Boston—in October, 1829—and he had blessed God from that day to this that he had heard him. He had ever regarded Mr. Garrison as one of the most religious men he ever knew. And it was the duty of every one of them to go forward in the spirit of Christ, that alone gave true moral courage.

The doctrine of the cross was the spirit of self denial and self sacrifice; and this spirit was what they should seek to foster. There might be weightier trials yet awaiting them, and he would that they should baptize themselves in prayer, and, guided by the Spirit of the Most High, press forward in the work given them to do.

The Convention here adjourned till 7 1-2 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Convention called to order by Edmund Quincy, Esq. one of the Vice Presidents. The fugitive slave, whose extraordinary arrival in Philadelphia, in a box created such a sensation there two weeks ago, was introduced to the audience. He told his story in an artless manner and with some diffidence. He is, of course, unlettered, but his adventures and the fortitude with which he passed through an unparalleled journey of suffering and extraordinary danger, excited a thrill of sympathy and admiration in every one who listened. Briefly, then, we say, that this man was actually transported a distance of *three hundred miles*, through a slaveholding territory, and by public thoroughfares, in a box, the dimensions of which, as taken by Rev. S. J. May, are exactly as follows: *three feet one inch long; two feet wide, and two feet six inches deep!*

[The narration of Brown's escape with Rev. J. May's comments in last column of first page, should have been inserted here.]

Frederick Douglas introduced two other fugitive slaves, William and Ellen Craft. William Craft stated the manner of their escape from Slavery, which was full of adventure and romantic interest. In *four* and a half days they escaped from Georgia to Philadelphia, a distance of upwards of *one thousand miles*. Craft and his wife belonged to different masters. He was a cabinet maker and hired his time for $320 per year; this gave him more liberty than is usually allotted to slaves. She was a lady's maid. They met at nights only, and for weeks pondered over and perfected their scheme.

It was determined that she, being almost white, with straight hair, should disguise herself as an invalid young man, and take the husband as her servant. Their plan succeeded, and they are free! Such indomitable courage and perseverance betoken, on the part of Ellen, a mind of no common energy. The appearance of these fugitives upon the platform, created a deep sensation.

"What an exhibition!" exclaimed Frederick Douglass triumphantly, himself a fugitive slave. "What an appearance is here presented? Are the slaves contented and happy? Here are three facts—aye, four—that sweep away all the sophistry of Calhoun, McDuffie, and other stout defenders of the patriarchal institution. Their escape shows that they are worthy to be freemen."

Henry Box Brown was requested to sing the anthem with which he celebrated his first minute of freedom. He sang amid profound stillness, but when he concluded, the air was rent with loud applause.

S. S. Foster came forward to speak to the resolutions on the American church and clergy. It was his purpose to declare to the audience the real character and position of this class of our fellow men. The time had been when this question could not be fairly and candidly discussed, owing to the state of the public mind. That time had passed away, and we could now speak our free thoughts on this subject, without exciting those abolitionists which have so often disgraced the ministry. He should speak as tenderly of the Church as fidelity to the slave would permit him to do, and if his remarks were commended to the judgment of his hearers, let them be received, because they were true; if they were not true, let them be forgotten and forgiven, or let him be branded as a slanderer and as a liar.

The day was coming when justice would be done to him and his brethren—when their boldest declaration against the church would be acknowledged as truth. Let none, then, fear to speak because public opinion did not sustain him. The principal questions should be—Does God approve? Will time verify?

He had heard this fearful sentiment proclaimed from that platform by a distinguished speaker: "I would as soon go into the hold of a pirate ship to worship as into one of these churches." If the sentiment was true, the world should know it; and if false, it should be repudiated, for the church and clergy were the last bodies in the world that can afford to be spoken ill of.

We had but one rule of judgment. Had God made one law for the Chinese, another for the Hindoo, and another for the Irishman? No, certainly not. God knew no difference. He asked not who was the victim of crime, but what was the nature of the crime. What constituted piracy in this country? Was there any moral difference between trading in flesh on the coast of Africa or in the United States? We had the testimony on the statute book that the one who stole on the coast of Africa was a pirate, and deserved to be hung. Were not the slave dealers in Washington and in the South deserving of the same name and fate? The church and clergy had done more than all others to perpetuate the crime of slaveholding. They had the admission of the Rev. Albert Barnes, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, to that effect. Their guilt towered above all the rest. If, then, the crime of piracy rested upon the nation no one could deny that it rested pre-eminently on the church. Licenses were sold in Washington for four hundred dollars, and the Church was responsible for their sale, for if she did her whole duty an end would speedily be put to the whole accursed traffic. If there was a clergyman in the audience he would welcome him to the platform to show the error of his statements, and expose the incorrectness of his reasoning. If slave-trading was piracy then those who licensed it at Washington were pirates, and those who authorised the license, the people and clergy, were pirates. It was true that this great sin rested on the Church. In the United States there were three millions of professors, one fourth of whom were legal voters. There were then seven hundred and fifty thousand legal voters in the Church, and could they not control the laws on the subject of Slavery? What was the Church doing? Nothing, comparatively nothing.

Mr. Garrison asked leave to illustrate this point a moment, and read several extracts from the last number of the *N. Y. Evangelist* of their report of the last session of the New School Assembly, in Philadelphia, to prove the apathy and indifference of the Church on the subject of Slavery.

Mr. Foster continued his remarks at some length with reference to the blood-guiltiness of the Church, quoting from Albert Barnes, and proceedings of South Middlesex Conference, Mass., to prove that some of its own members regarded it as reponsible for the existence of Slavery. Mr. G. was repeatedly interrupted by some turbulent spirits in the audience.

The Convention then adjourned.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Convention called to order at 1-2 past 10 o'clock.

Mr. May, in behalf of the Committee for the election of officers of the Convention in order to remedy the deficiency in the list of Vice Presidents—alluded to when the report was made—would present the following additional report of officers:

For Vice Presidents,
Luther Melendy, N. H.,
Asa Fairbanks, R. I.

Mr. Burton moved the acceptance of the report, and it was adopted.

Mr. Charles Stearns, one of the Society's lecturers, here made a statement of the labours he had performed, and called upon the audience to assist him by purchasing his books. The resolutions on the subject of religion were then read, and Mr. Stephen S. Foster resumed his remarks upon the resolution offered by Rev. Mr. Lincoln.

Resolved, That as religion is the strongest element of the human character, all reforms to be thorough and permanent, are and must be based upon it by the advocates and friends of the same, and carried forward in its spirit.

He objected to the terms of the resolution, which says, "all reforms must be based upon religion." Reform is religion and there is no higher. Ours is the only true religion. It is the religion of Christ. He was a reformer; his opponents were religionists. The religionists of our city are to be found, exactly where they were in the days of Christ. They pray, "thy kingdom come, thy will be done," &c., but if they had any idea that their prayers would be granted, they would repudiate them—(hisses). Mr. Foster said, the Church advocates have no other argument with which to meet his remarks, and he was glad that they appeared in the Convention, speaking in their native dialect, that of the serpent.

God's kingdom is one of righteousness, peace and joy, [is any influence so strongly opposed] to such a kingdom as the popular religion of the country? It hung Goode—Orthodoxy sucked the life's blood out of him. It demanded a victim, and wouldn't have been satisfied until it had hung a dying man. It would have hung a corpse, for want of something to do. For his part he would sooner take his chance at the day of judgment with Goode, stained as he is said to be, with the blood of a brother, than with those who hung him. It was not the Governor and Council, or Sheriff Eveleth and his posse, who inflicted the death. Orthodoxy required the deed to be done, and it was done.

All the forms of religious worship are anti-Christian—the whole of them. We never find Christ preaching, praying and communing, but he went about doing good. He did not overcome evil by hanging good, but with good. We must lay the axe to the root of this monstrous wickedness, the American Church. When we say the least of it, its forms and ceremonies involve an awful waste of precious time.

Dr. Brown, of Amesbury, followed Mr. F. with some remarks in favour of public prayer—whereupon Mr. Burton arose and said, he should pray that the friends of the cause would help the Finance Committee out of their difficulties, and fervently hoped an answer would be given immediately.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence would modify his amendment as some objection had been made to it by Mr. F., by adding the following after the last word of the resolution, "and such we claim to be the manifest and spirit of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Mr. L. made a few remarks in connection with the resolutions, after which Mr. C. C. Burleigh took the platform. Mr. B. entered into an exposition of his position against the necessity of public prayer, contending that it was hypocritical, though he had no objection to a spontaneous outburst—from the heart of devotion to the Most High and Blessed God. He was opposed to the custom of reading prayers from books, and thought it was a mockery to the Most High. He was opposed to the custom of reading prayers from books, and thought it was a mockery to the Most High.

posed to all stated forms and ceremonies, and thought the resolution somewhat unnecessary.

Mr. DOUGLASS followed in favour of the resolution, earnestly affirming the necessity of both public and private prayer, provided it was offered in sincerity.

Mrs. FOSTER considered that there was no real difference of opinion among the brethren upon the resolution. They all agreed that religion was the strongest element in their enterprise; and therefore they could safely pass the resolution. As regarded the discussion upon the modes of addressing the Deity she considered it but a waste of time, as it could effect no good for the down-trodden and oppressed slave.

Mr. GEORGE BRADBURN said a few words in opposition to the resolution after which the Convention adjourned.

THURSDAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

EDMUND QUINCY, one of the Vice Presidents, in the chair. Wm. L. Garrison spoke to the resolutions on the Church. He took the broad ground that had been advocated throughout the discussion, that the Church was unworthy, that it was not the Church of Christ, and that the people had been deluded, stultified, deceived into the contrary belief. To sustain this assumption he read copious extracts from the testimony of celebrated divines to this point—Among them John Angell James, of England, and Dr. Barnes, of Philadelphia.

Slavery was the darling sin of our country. The first duty of the Church of Christ was, to assail this sin in its high and strong places. The American Church failed to do this. She was false to her professions and strikes hand with the oppressor. She is in league with them. There were about 3,000,000 slaves in the country—would there was but one, that we might concentrate the gaze of the nation upon that individual. The gathered indignation of the country would shiver his chains at once. The statute book is burdened with slave laws, and yet this Church has never joined issue against one of them. Can we hear her whisper against Slavery; does she denounce slaveholders; nay, is she not made up of slaveholders? No language can describe the blood-guiltiness of the American Church. No epithet is too huge to apply to it.

Mr G. would sum up by saying that the American Church was anti-Christ. Their duty was to put the brand of anti-Christ on its forehead, and to come out from it entirely.—They should make war upon it until it was exterminated, and in no other way could they so perfectly vindicate the *true* Church which was for liberty. They should sympathize with all who were oppressed, and be ever contending for the salvation and redemption of our race. Be it their mission to go forth regardless of the jeers and scoffs of the corrupt Church. Let them be careful that she never praised them while she was what she was, and in so doing they would have evidence that they were on the side of God and stood with Christ and His martyrs, also members of that true Church, against which the gates of hell could not prevail.

Mr. MAY, one of the Secretaries, followed in a similar strain of remark. He had been obliged to leave a Unitarian pulpit, because he was debarred from advocating the cause of the slave. He bore a strong testimony against that body of Christians for their unfaithfulness.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT rose to speak of the action of the Unitarian Ministerial Association. That body had determined to hold four meetings during Anniversary week, two of which shall be devoted to reform topics,—Slavery, temperance, land reform and kindred subjects. The reverend gentleman was warmly received.

Mr. FOSTER next rose to explain a misunderstanding that had arisen in the minds of some with reference to his remarks, in the morning, with respect to public prayer. He did not condemn by any means all kinds of public prayer; but he considered with Mr. Burleigh, that when a man felt like giving utterance to the overflowing devotion of his heart in public, he ought to do so.

Mr. F. next proceeded to arraign the Church and clergy as being guilty of the most enormous crimes ever committed by mortal man, and he went on to prove it by her criminal inactivity and indifference on the subject of American Slavery.

Rev. Mr. DALL, of Needham, confessed that the majority of the Church was guilty of the charges attributed to her; but contended that the whole Church should not be so sweepingly denounced. He believed that the Unitarian denomination was becoming more and more Anti-Slavery every day, and that the Church generally were waking up to the subject

Mr FOSTER again took the platform and spoke for upwards of an hour. There was considerable opposition manifested to some of his sentiments, by some of the audience, particularly when making reference to the sins of the Church and clergy, and also when alluding to the immorality of Governor Briggs in refusing to pardon the life of Goode, and is enlisting the young men of Boston to go to shoot unoffending Mexicans.

Mr. W. PHILLIPS had no intention in rising but to move an adjournment. He would say however, that he rejoiced in the discussion which had just taken place, because he believed the audience certainly were impressed with the conviction that they were in earnest—and that they were pledged heart and soul to the principles which they had avowed.

The Convention then adjourned to meet at 7 1-2 o'clock in the evening, at Faneuil Hall.

MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL

THURSDAY, May 31, 1849.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention resumed its sitting in FANEUIL HALL, this evening, at half past 7 o'clock EDMUND QUINCY in the chair.

The President, in calling the meeting to order, requested a calm and respectful attention of the audience to the speeches that might be delivered after which,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON arose and addressed the meeting. He said:—

Mr. Chairman, I rise merely to offer a resolution, to be added to those already before the meeting. Within a few days, I have had the intelligence of the death of a coloured friend and co-adjutor on the other side of the Atlantic—one of the earliest advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause in the Old World upon the principle of immediate emancipation—one who laboured for the freedom of the West India slave, long before our own attention had been called to the condition of our own fettered countrymen. He was truly a most estimable man, and he won for himself the love, admiration and gratitude of a large circle of the friends of human freedom and progress He is now dead; but though dead, the glorious example which he gave in behalf of human rights—of the working-men of Great Britain—of the cause of tee-totalism, of peace, and especially of the slave—will never lose its efficacy, so long as goodness and virtue can be remembered. I allude, Mr. Chairman, to the death of JOHN MURRAY of Scotland. The life, the soul of the Anti-Slavery movement, across the Atlantic, has always been in Scotland; and had it not been for Scottish Anti-Slavery, indomitable, quenchless and persevering to the end,—the Anti-Slavery of England proper would have faltered in the conflict, and must unquestionably have failed to effect the redemption of the West India slaves. But the little band of Scottish Abolitionists always stood ready to rekindle the torch of emancipation expiring in other parts, to grapple with and triumphantly overcome all obstacles to success, and to make every needful sacrifice; and of all men in Scotland who were first and foremost to maintain abolition principles, in an uncompromising and intrepid spirit, JOHN MURRAY was ever conspicuous.

[MR. GARRISON here read a resolution, as a tribute to the memory of John Murray.]

There are friends here, Mr. Chairman, who have been on the other side of the Atlantic, who knew JOHN MURRAY intimately, who have partaken of his hospitality, and by communion with him were greatly strengthened in the prosecution of the work of delivering the American bondman—who can fully endorse all that I have said with regard to him, and pay a more fitting tribute of respect to his memory. Perhaps in the course of the evening, my friend FREDERICK DOUGLASS will take an opportunity to perform his mark of respect.

The question being taken upon the resolution, it was unanimously adopted.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, N. Y., was next introduced to the Convention. He spoke as follows: I feel it good to be in Boston. How good it is, no one but a son of Boston, who has been exiled from the State of his birth and early affections for years, can fully realize. It is good to be in this hall, and for one, I feel that there is not a place upon the earth which throngs with associations more quickening to the lovers of liberty than Faneuil Hall—(applause). It is regarded in every part of our country as the cradle of liberty. Here the noblest sentiments in behalf of freedom and humanity have been uttered; here the deepest purposes in behalf of freedom and humanity have been brought into being and resolved upon. Would to God that there were nothing any less honourable to it to be spoken. These walls have resounded to sentiments of a far different character. In this hall words have been uttered which, as was well said at the time of their delivery, ought to have blistered the lips of an American. But let it pass. Blessed be God! we live in a free country, where even the abettors of error may be heard—where even the Atheist may speak his thought: and the man who would trample his fellow-man in the dust, and convert him into his property, may make defence of his abomination if he can; for there can be no fear of error in a country like this, where the press and speech are free. Yea, we believe most fully that if truth and error have but a chance to grapple, error will be overcome and conquered.

The recollections that crowd upon my mind as I stand upon this spot, after an absence of many years—at least, they seem to me many years—and recollect the advance that has been made in the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden, are peculiarly gratifying. Well do I remember when this hall was closed against the advocates of human liberty. Well do I remember the time, in 1835, when fifteen hundred of the most influential and wealthy men in this city signed a petition for the opening of this hall to the delivery of sentiments antagonistic in their tone to the sentiments uttered by those who are only pleading that the great principles of the Declaration of our Independence might be carried out in the conduct of the nation. I say, fifteen hundred gentlemen of this city petitioned for the opening of this hall, that an opposition might be manifested to the advocacy of human freedom; thereby waking up against us a spirit of violence that had well nigh bathed our native soil with our own blood.

But, Sir, these days have passed, and we now recall the unpleasant remembrance only to rejoice in it as evidence of the progress which has been made in the glorious cause we have espoused. Look at our country now—not by any means what she ought to be—not by any means at the high pinnacle of prosperity that our hearts, in the fondness of our confidence in the American people, foretold it would reach—still, when we contrast the present with the past, how gratifying the transition! Almost everywhere North of Mason and Dixon's line, and in some places even south of it, those sentiments which have been execrated in times past, even in this hall, may now be uttered without let or hindrance, or molestation from any one. Can we not be grateful for the progress that has been made during the last twenty years, though we may naturally feel that comparatively little has been done considering the length of time that has elapsed. But I rejoice to stand in this hall to-night. I rejoice to see such an assembly here. Notwithstanding the numerous demands that have been made on the attention of those interested in the various religious associations of our country, they have still been found disposed to come to this place in preference to any other, to listen to the sentiments that shall be uttered, and to respond, doubtless with unfeigned cordiality, to the demands that may be made on them for higher efforts and more determined and earnest exertion in carrying on to a completion the work which has been so gloriously commenced Those of you who have attended the previous meetings of this Convention, have heard living epistles from the South that must have spoken to your hearts as no written words could have done, calling on you, if there be a spark of humanity in your souls, to kindle it up anew until a fire still more intense than any that has yet burned within shall be in progress, and urging you on to efforts and exertions that are hourly needed to rid our country from such a curse as the institution of Slavery. If you have attended the meetings of this Convention, you have seen men and women, children of God presenting every appearance of humanity on their persons, telling the story of their escape from Southern oppression—escapes made not only at the risk of a still more cruel bondage, but at the risk of their lives.—Never will the story be forgotten in our country or throughout the world of the man—whom I trust you will all be permitted to see—who, that he might escape from Southern oppression, consented to a living entombment. He entered the box with the determination to be free or die; and as he heard the nails driven in, his fear was that death was to be his portion; yet, said he, let death come in preference to Slavery. And is there one in this house who has a heart to feel, that can look on such a man as Henry Box Brown, and affirm that he may not enjoy the rights of a man in a country like ours? I happened to be in the city of Philadelphia—I have told the story to the Convention already, but I will tell it again—in the midst of the excitement that was caused by the arrival of a man in a box. I measured it myself:—*three feet one inch long, two feet wide, an two feet six inches deep.* IN THAT BOX A MAN WAS ENTOMBED FOR TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS!

The box was placed in the express car in Richmond, Va., and subjected to all the rough treatment ordinarily given to boxes of merchandise; for, notwithstanding the admonition of '*this side up with care*,' the box was tumbled over, so that he was sometimes on his head; yes, at one time, for nearly two hours, as it seemed to him, *on his head*; and momentarily expecting that life would become extinct from the terrible pressure of blood that poured upon his brain. Twenty-seven hours was this man subjected to this imminent peril; but, through the blessing of God, such was the intensity of the love of life and liberty in his bosom, that it seemed to set at defiance all the principles of physiology itself, and to live without air, that he might for one moment, at least, breathe the air of liberty—(great Applause). Does not such a man deserve to be free? Is there a heart here, that does not bid him welcome? Is there a heart here, that can doubt that there must be in him not merely the heart and soul of a deteriorated man—a degraded, inferior man—but the heart and soul of a noble man? Not a *nobleman*, sir, but a NOBLE MAN! Who can doubt it?

Sir, I confess when I see such nobleness in a man of another hue from my own, I almost wish I could change my complexion for his—(applause and hisses). I have been hissed before. (Great applause, and a voice said, 'In good company.') Well might the arrival of such a man in such a condition as that, excite an intense interest in the city of Philadelphia. The gentleman to whom he was consigned, spent the night previous to his arrival, sleepless. His expectation was—yes, he felt it certain—that, instead of a living man, he should find a corpse in the box coming to him. And when he found it safely deposited in his house, such was his excitement that, for a while, he dared not approach it; but having gathered about him some friends to sympathize with him in his emotion, and sustain and strengthen him to meet the worst, he approached the box, and knocking on it with his knuckles, exclaimed, "Is all right within?" and to his unspeakable joy, the response came, 'ALL RIGHT!' (Great sensation.) For a while so great was his agitation, that he could hardly use the instruments that were necessary to relieve him from his imprisonment, but when the cover was removed, a man—a true man—a noble man arose from the temporary coffin into a living life—a new life indeed. unless there be base men enough in this part of the country to allow him to be restored to the living death from which he has escaped. The moment he appeared, the gentlemen to whom he had been consigned, as soon as he could give vent to his feelings, exclaimed in a burst of emotion—for he knew not what he said, and yet, Mr. President, he said that which was well-nigh exactly true—'You are the greatest man in America!' (Laughter and applause.) Certainly, no man in America has done what Henry Box Brown has done. His escape will be remembered as long as the history of the struggles of humanity for her rights shall be remembered. As soon as he was released, having walked the room, stretched his limbs, filled his lungs for the first time with the air of liberty, and gathered up into his soul a realizing sense of his deliverance, the spirit of gratitude to God came over his heart, and he burst out into an anthem that will never be forgotten, and was never sung more appropriately than then—'I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.'

[MR. GARRISON from the Business Committee reported two resolutions strongly deprecating all connection with or support of the American Colonization Society. These resolutions, as also the others offered during the meeting, have not been received and therefore cannot be inserted in the present number.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS spoke in support of these resolutions. He said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I never rise to speak in Faneuil Hall without a deep sense of my want of ability to do justice to the subject upon which I undertake to speak. I can do a pretty good business, some have said, in the country school houses, in Western New York and elsewhere; but when I come before the people of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, I feel my exceeding weakness. I am all the more embarrassed this evening, because I have to speak to you in respect to a subject concerning which an apology seems to be demanded. I allude to the subject of the American Colonization Society—a subject which has had a large measure of Anti-Slavery attention, and been long since disposed of at the hands of Wm. L. Garrison. The only apology that I can make by calling attention to it this evening is, that it has had a sort of 'revival,' of late, through the agency of a man whom I presume a large portion of this audience esteem and admire. I allude to the Honourable Henry Clay of Kentucky—(applause). Though not a Yankee, you see I guessed correctly. I have presumed rightly that you esteem and admire that gentleman. Now, if you admire this man, of course, you would like to know all about him. You would like, of course, to hear whatsoever can be said of him, and said fairly, although a black man may presume to say it.

Mr. Clay has recently given to the world a letter, purporting to advocate the emancipation of the slaves of Kentucky. That letter has been extensively published in New England as well as other parts of the United States; and in almost every instance where a Whig paper has spoken of the letter, it has done so in terms of high approval. The plan which Mr. Clay proposes is one which seems to meet almost the universal assent of the Whig party at the North; and many religious papers have copied the article, and spoken in terms of high commendation of the humanity, of the clear-sightedness and philanthropy of Henry Clay.—Now, my friends, I am agoing to speak to you in a manner that, unless you allow your reason and not your prejudices to prevail, will provoke from you demonstrations of disapprobation. I beg of you then to hear me calmly—without prejudice or opposition. You, it must be remembered, have in your hands all power in this land. I stand here not only in a minority, but identified with a class whom everybody can insult with impunity. Surely, the ambition for superiority must be great in honourable men indeed, to induce them to insult a poor black man, whom the basest fellow in the street can insult with impunity. Keep this in mind, and hear what I have to say with regard to Mr. Clay's letter, and his position as a slaveholder.

The letter of Mr. Clay commences in a manner that gives promise to the reader that he shall find it a consistent, straight-forward Anti-Slavery document. It commences by refuting, with one or two strokes of the pen, the vast cart-loads of sophistry piled up by Mr. Calhoun and others, in favour of perpetual Slavery. He shows clearly, that Mr. Calhoun's theory of Slavery, if admitted to be sound, would enslave the whites as readily as it enslaves the blacks;—this would follow necessarily. Glancing at the question of the natural inferiority of the coloured man, he says:—"admitting a question he does not raise—admitting that the whites of this country are superior to the blacks," the fact devolves upon the former the duty of enlightening, instructing and improving the condition of the latter." These are noble sentiments, worthy of the heart and head of a great and good man. But how does Mr. Clay propose to carry out this plan? He goes on to state, that in carrying out his proposed plan of gradual emancipation, that great care should be taken that the rights and interests of the slaveholder should not be jeoparded. He proceeds to state that the utmost caution and prudence should guide the hand that strikes down Slavery in Kentucky. With reference to emancipation, he affirms that it should not commence until the year 1885. The plan is, that all children born of slave parents in Kentucky after the year 1860, shall be free after arriving at the age of twenty-five. He sets therefore the day of emancipation beyond the average length of the slave's life; for a generation of slaves in the South die out in seven years. But, how would he have these children of slave parents free? Not free to work for themselves—not free to live on the soil that they have cultivated with their best blood, and toiled over and beautified and adorned—but that then they shall be let out under an Agent of the State, for three long years, to raise one hundred and fifty dollars with which to pay the price of their own expatriation from their family and friends—Voices—'Shame.'

Mr. DOUGLASS.—I hear the cry of shame—yes, it is a deep and damning shame. He declares in that letter, that not only shall these emancipated slaves work three years, but that he, (Mr. Clay) will oppose any measure for emancipation without the expatriation of the emancipated slaves. Just look at the peculiar operation of this plan. Let us suppose that it is adopted, and that in the year 1860 it commences. All children born of slave parents are to be free in the year 1888. It is well known that all persons in the South have contracted marriages long before this period, and have become parents, some having children from one to four years of age. Henry Clay's plan is, that when these persons arrive at the age of twenty-eight, those parents shall be torn away from their tender children, and hurried off to Liberia or somewhere else; and that the children taken from these parents before they have become acquainted with the paternal relation, shall remain another twenty-eight years; and when they have remained that period, and have contracted matrimonial alliances, and become fathers and mothers, they too shall be taken from their children, the slaveholders having kept them at work for twenty-eight years, and hurried off to Liberia

But a darker, baser feature than all these appears in this letter of Mr. Clay's. It is this:—He speaks of the loss which the slaveholder will be called on to experience by the emancipation of his slaves. But he says that even this trifling expenditure may be prevented by leaving the slaveholder the right to sell—to mortgage—to transfer his slave property any time during the twenty-five years. Only look at Henry Clay's generosity to the slaveholders of Kentucky. He has twenty-five long years during which to watch the slave markets of New Orleans, of Memphis, of Vicksburgh and other Southern cities, and to watch the prices of cotton and rice and tobacco on the other side of the Atlantic, and as the prices rise there in these articles, he may expect a corresponding rise in the price of flesh in the slave-markets, and then he can sell his slaves to the best advantage. Thus it is that the glorious State of Kentucky shall be made free, and yet her purse be made the heavier in consequence of it. This is not a proposition for emancipation, but a proposition in Kentucky to sell off the slaves she holds in her possession, and throw them off into the far Southern States—and then hypocritically boast of being a free State, while almost every slave born upon her soil remains a slave. And this is the plan of the good Henry Clay, whom you esteem and admire so much—(applause and hisses). You that like to hiss, if you had the chain on your own limbs, and were bent up in Henry Clay's own quarter, and had free access to Henry Clay's own meal-tub, I think would soon change your tune—(laughter).

I want to say a word about the Colonization Society, of which Henry Clay is President. He is President of nothing else—(laughter.) That Society is an old enemy of the coloured people in this country. Almost every *respectable* man belong to it, either by direct membership or affinity. I meet with colonizationists everywhere; I met with a number of them the other day, on board the steamer Alida, going from Albany to New York. I wish to state my experience on board of that steamer, and, as it is becoming the subject of newspaper remark, it may not be out of place to give my version of the story:—On Thursday last, I took my passage on board the steamer Alida, as I have stated, to go from Albany to New York. I happened to have, very contrary to American taste and American prejudices and customs, in my company, a couple of friends from England—persons who had not been ashamed—nor had they cause to be ashamed from any feeling that exists in that country against the coloured man—of being found on equal social terms with him in London. They happened to be sojourning in this country; and, as if unaware of the prejudice existing in this country, or if aware, perfectly regardless of it, they accompanied me on the steamer, and shared, of course, my society, or permitted me to share theirs on the passage to New York. About noon, I went into the cabin, and inquired of one of the waiters if we could have dinner. The answer was, we could. They had on a sign on each side of the captain's office, words to this effect: "Meals can be received in the cabin at any hour during the day, by application to the steward." I made the application, and expected, of course, that dinner would be forthcoming at the time appointed. The bell rung—and though I do not know as it was altogether wise and prudent, I took a lady on each arm—for my friends were white ladies, you must know—and moved forward to the cabin. The fact of their being white ladies will enable you more readily to understand the cause of the intensity of hate displayed towards me. I went below, forgetting all about my complexion, the curl of my hair, or the flatness of my nose, only remembering I had two elbows and a stomach, and was exceedingly hungry—(laughter). I walked below, as I have said, and took my seat at the table, supposing that the table was the place where a man should eat.

I had been there but a very few minutes, before I observed a large number of American gentlemen rising up gradually—for we are *gradualists* in this country—and moving off to another table, on the other side. But feeling I was there on my own responsibility, and that those gentlemen could not eat dinner for me, and I must do it for myself, I preferred to sit still, unmoved by what was passing around me. I had been there but a few moments, when a white man—after the order of American white men—for I would say, for your consolation, that you are growing darker and darker every year—the steward came up to me in a very curious manner, and said, 'Yer must get up from that table.' (laughter). I demanded by what authority he ordered me from the table. 'Well,' said he, 'yer know the rule.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I know nothing of your rules. I know that *the* rule is, that the passengers can receive their meals at any hour of the day on applying to the steward.' Says he, 'Now, it is no use for yer to talk, yer must leave—'(laughter). 'But where is the rule?' 'Well,' said he, yer cannot get dinner on any boat on this river.' I told him I had went up the river in the Confidence, and taken dinner, and no remark had been made. 'Well,' said he, 'What yer can do on the Confidence yer can't do on the Alida—(laughter). Are yer a going to get up?' 'No sir, said I. 'Well,' says he, 'I will have *you* up.' So off he goes to the upper deck, and brings down the captain, mate, clerk, and two or three hands. I sat still during the time of his absence; but finding they were mustering pretty strong, and remembering I had but one coat, and not caring to have it torn, and feeling I had borne a sufficient testimony against their unrighteous treatment, I arose from the table, and walked to the other end of the cabin, in company with my friends. A scene then occurred which I shall never forget; not because of its impudence, but because of its malignity. A large number of American ladies and gentlemen, seated around the table on the other side of the cabin, the very moment we walked away, gave three cheers for the captain, and applauded in the most uproarious manner the steward, for having driven two ladies and one gentleman from the table, and deprived them of dinner.

Mr. GARRISON—That is a fact for Europe.

Mr. DOUGLASS—They drove us from the table, and gave three cheers for the captain for driving us away. I looked around on the audience there assembled, to see if I could detect one line of generous magnanimity on any face—any indignation manifested against the outrage that had been perpetrated upon me and my friends. But not a look, not a word, not the slightest expression of disapprobation in any part of the vessel. Now, I have travelled in England, Ireland and Scotland—I mention this, not by way of boast, but because I want to contrast the freedom of our glorious country—and it is a glorious one, after all—with that of other countries through which I have travelled—by railroads, in highways and byways, steamboats, stage coaches, and every imaginable kind of vehicle—I have stayed at some of the first hotels in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and elsewhere—and I must say to you, good Americans, that I never, in any of those cities or towns, received the first mark, or heard the first word of disapprobation on account of the colour of my skin. I may tell you, that one of the ladies with me on the steamboat, though not a believer in the right of women to speak in public, was so excited and so indignant at the outrage perpetrated, that she went to the *American* captain, and told him that she had heard much of the country, much of the gallantry of American gentlemen—that they would be willing to rise from their seats to allow a lady to be seated—and she was very happy in having the opportunity of witnessing a manifestation of American gallantry and American courtesy. I do think I saw one neck hang when this rebuke was administered.—(applause).

Most of the passengers were of the baser sort, very much like some Western men—dark-complexioned, lean, lank, pinched up, about the ugliest set of men I ever saw in my life.—(laughter). I went to the steward about two hours after they had cleared off the dinner table for those hungry, wolfish-looking people. (laughter.) My dear friends, if you had seen them, you would have agreed with me. I then inquired of the steward if now, after this hungry multitude had been fed, we could have a cup of coffee and a biscuit. Said he—'Who are you?' If you are the servant of those ladies, you shall have what you want.' I thought that was kind, any how. 'Yes, said I, I am their most humble servant'—(great laughter). 'Well,' said he, 'what are you walking about on deck with them for, if you are their servant?' I told him they were very courteous to me—put him off in that way. He then told me if I did not get out of the cabin, he would split my head open. He was rather a diminutive being, and would not have been a mouth-full for any thing like a Tom Hyer man.—(applause). However, seeing his Anglo-Saxon blood was up, I thought I would move off; but tapping him on the shoulder, I told him I wanted to give him a piece of advice: 'I am a passenger, you are a servant; and therefore you should always consult the wants of the passengers'—(laughter). He finally told me he was ready to give me my dinner in the capacity of a servant, but not otherwise. This acknowledgment told the whole story of American prejudice. There were two or three slaveholders on board. One was a lady from New Orleans; rather a dark-looking person—for individuals from that quarter are dark, except the blacks, and they are getting lighter. (laughter). This woman was perfectly horrified with my appearance, and she said to gentlemen standing by, that she was really afraid to be near me, and that I would draw a bowie-knife. Indeed, she had liked to have fainted. This woman, I learned from good authority, owned three hundred slaves in Louisiana; and yet she was afraid of a black man, and expected every moment I would attempt to commit violence on her. At the time she was affecting this horror of a negro, she was being waited on at the table by coloured men! It was waiter, come here! and waiter, go there! and there they were actually cutting up the meat, standing right over it, quite near those white persons who readily shouted when I was driven out.

This tells the whole story. You have no prejudice against blacks—no more than against any other colour—but it is against the black man appearing as the coloured gentleman. He is then a contradiction of your theory of natural inferiority in the coloured race. It was not in consequence of my complexion that I was driven out of the cabin; for I could have remained there as a servant; but being there as a gentleman, having payed my own passage, and being in company with intelligent, refined persons, was what awakened the hatred, and brought down upon me the insulting manifestations I have alluded to.

It is because the American Colonization Society cherishes and fosters this feeling of hatred against the black man, that I am opposed to it. And I am especially disposed to speak out my opposition to this colonization scheme to night, because not only of the renewed interest excited in the colonization scheme by the efforts of Henry Clay and others, but because there is a lecturer in the shape of the Rev. Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, now in England soliciting funds for our expatriation from this country, and going about trying to organize a society, and to create an impression in favour of removing us from the country. I would ask you, my friends, if this is not mean and impudent in the extreme, for one class of Americans to ask for the removal of another class? I feel, sir, I have as much right in this country as any other man. I feel that the black man in this land has as much right to stay in this land as the white man. Consider the matter in the light of possession in this country. Our connection with this country is contemporaneous with your own. From the beginning of the existence of this people, as a people, the coloured man has had a place upon the American soil. To be sure, he was not driven from his home in pursuit of a greater liberty than he enjoyed at home, like the Pilgrim fathers; but in the same year that the Pilgrims were landing in this State, slaves were landing on the James River, in Virginia. We feel on this score, then, that we have as much right here as any other class of people.

We have other claims to being regarded and treated as American citizens. Some of our number have fought and bled for this country, and we only ask to be treated as well as those who have fought against it. We are lovers of this country, and we only ask to be treated as well as the haters of it. We are not only told by Americans to go out of our native land to Africa, and there enjoy our freedom—for we must go there in order to enjoy it—but Irishmen newly landed on our soil, who know nothing of our institutions, nor of the history of our country, whose toil has not been mixed with the soil of the country as ours—have the audacity to propose our removal from this, the land of our birth. For my part, I mean, for one, to stay in this country; I have made up my mind to live among you. I had a kind offer, when I was in England, of a little house and lot, and the free use of it, on the banks of the river Eden. I could easily have staid there, if I had sought for ease, undisturbed, unannoyed by American *skin-aristocracy*; for it is an aristocracy of skin—(applause);—those passengers on board the Alida only got their dinners that day in virtue of colour; if their skins had been of my colour, they would have had to fast all day. Whatever denunciations England may be entitled to on account of her treatment of Ireland and her own poor, one thing can be said of her, that no man in that country, or any of her dominions is treated as less than a man on account of his complexion. I could have lived there; but when I remembered this prejudice against colour, as it is called, and Slavery, and saw the many wrongs inflicted on my people at the North that ought to be combatted and put down. I felt a disposition to lay aside ease, to turn my back on the kind offer of my friends, and to return among you—deeming it more noble to suffer along with my coloured brethren, and meet these prejudices, than to live at ease, undisturbed, on the other side of the Atlantic—(applause). I had rather be here now, encountering this feeling, bearing my testimony against it, setting it at defiance, than to remain in England undisturbed. I have made up my mind, wherever I go, I shall go as a man, and not as a slave. When I go on board of your steamboats, I shall always aim to be courteous and mild in my deportment towards all with whom I come in contact, at the same time firmly and constantly endeavour to assert my right as a man and a brother.

But the Colonization Society says this prejudice can never be overcome, that it is natural—God has implanted it. Some say so; others declare that it can only be removed by removing the cause, that is, by removing us to Liberia. I know this is false from my own experience in this country. I remember that, but a few years ago, upon the railroads from New Bedford and Salem, and in all parts of Massachusetts, a most unrighteous and proscriptive rule prevailed by which coloured men and women were subjected to all manner of indignity in the use of those conveyances. Anti-Slavery men, however, lived up to their testimony against this principle from year to year; and from year to year, he whose name cannot be mentioned without receiving a round of applause, WENDELL PHILLIPS, (applause), went abroad exposing this proscription in the light of justice. What is the result? Not a single railroad can be found in any part of Massachusetts, where a coloured man is treated and esteemed in any other light than that of a man and a traveller. Prejudice has given way, and must give way. The fact that it is giving away, proves that this prejudice is not invincible. The time was, when it was expected that a coloured man when he entered a Church in Boston, would go into the Jim Crow pew—and I believe such is the case now, to a large extent but then there were those who would defend the custom. But you can scarcely get a defender of this proscription in New England now.

The history of the repeal of the intermarriage law shows that the prejudice against colour is not invincible. The general manner in which white persons sit with coloured persons, shows plainly that the prejudice against colour is not invincible. When I first come here, I felt the greatest possible diffidence to sitting with whites. I used to come up from the shipyard where I worked, with my hands hardened with toil, rough and uncomely, and my movements awkward, (for I was unacquainted with the rules of politeness), I would shrink back, and would not have taken my meals with the whites had they not pressed me to do so. Our President, in his earlier intercourse with me, taught me, by example, his abhorrence of this prejudice. He has, in my presence, stated to those who visited him, that if they did not like to sit at the table with me, they could have a separate one for themselves.

The time was, when I walked through the streets of Boston, I was liable to insult if in company with a white person. To-day I have passed in company with my white friends, leaning on their arm and they on mine, and yet the first word from any quarter on account of the colour of my skin, I have not heard. It is all false this talk about the invincibility of prejudice against colour. If any of you have it, and no doubt some of you have, I will tell you how to get rid of it. Commence to do something to elevate, and improve and enlighten the coloured man, and your prejudice will begin to vanish. The more you try to make a man of the black man, the more you will begin to think him a man.

[Mr. D. here related an anecdote of his having visited, several years ago, the town of Pittsfield, for the purpose of lecturing. He was invited to the house of a friend, an Anti-Slavery man, but who was filled with the prejudice against colour. This man allowed him to walk to the place of the lecture without offering to take him into his carriage, and then left him, after the afternoon meeting to come home alone. While standing there, it came up to rain, and the Hon. Moses Morris, a Pro-Slavery man, invited him into his house. The children, on seeing him enter, cried 'nigger,' 'nigger,' and fled, and the whole family treated him with coldness. Determined to overcome it, he complained of a hoarseness, with which he was afflicted, and asked Mrs. M if she would be kind enough to give him a glass of cold water, with a little sugar in it to relieve his cold. Mrs. M brought the articles, and Mr. D. thanked her, he said, with a swimming heart, and from that moment, her coldness and formality were gone, and he was invited, whenever he visited Pittsfield again to make his stay at their house.]

Mr. GARRISON desired to make a remark, with reference to the exclamation of the children on the approach of Mr. Douglass, 'There's a nigger in the house,' and their precipitate flight. It was the same kind of feeling that was evinced on another occasion. When MUNGO PARK, the celebrated English traveller, visited Africa, he found himself at a certain period, in a village where the inhabitants had never seen a white person before. On going into one of the huts, the children who saw him enter, exhibited great trepidation, and ran out with all possible expedition, crying 'The devil! the devil!' (great laughter).

Mr DOUGLASS—It is a poor rule that won't work both ways—(laughter and applause). Most people think their Lord is like themselves. A certain very pious man was horribly shocked by hearing an Abolitionist say that the negro was made in the image of God. The Lord is in their image, they seem to think, and the devil in the image of the black man—(laughter.). But I desire to bear my testimony, after hearing the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Garrison, with regard to our departed brother and co-labourer, JOHN MURRAY, of Scotland. About three years ago, I had the pleasure of bidding that noble man farewell on the shores of Scotland; and I remember well the deep interest he took in the Anti-Slavery questions of this country. His last battle in behalf of the slave was with the Free Church of Scotland; and while he lived, that Church, for its alliance with slaveholders—for receiving their money into its treasury, and extending to them its fellowship in return—obtained no repose. He bore a noble testimony against it; he had borne a noble testimony against Slavery before—For the last twenty-eight years, JOHN MURRAY stood up in Scotland, the firm, untiring, the devoted friend of the slave. There are two or three coloured persons, at least, now in this Hall who have shared his generous hospitality, and received his hearty "God-speed," in their endeavours to break down Slavery, and prejudice against colour in this country, by creating a public sentiment on this side of the Atlantic that should react in favour of human liberty here. I have no more to say respecting this good man; his consistent and irreproachable character is his best eulogy.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK: THURSDAY JUNE 7, 1849.

Advertisement.

The NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is published on Thursday of every week by The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY at its office, 142 Nassau street, New York.

As the object of the Society is the ABOLITION OF AMERICAN CHATTEL SLAVERY, which is sustained, and can exist only, by virtue of a corrupt public sentiment, so the purpose of the Society's Organ, the STANDARD, is to establish the great truth, by facts of experience, and appeals to reason and common sense, that Slavery is economically, politically, morally, and religiously, a gigantic error, and a sin of the deepest dye, and should, therefore, be immediately, totally, and unconditionally, abandoned. It enforces the duty of secession from the body of a Church which palliates or defends such a system, and repudiates a Union whose common bond is the oppression of one sixth of the people.

It is the aim of those to whose management the paper is entrusted to make it, not only a faithful and earnest exponent of the highest Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country, but also a complete history of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. A portion of its columns is always devoted to selections from other papers, both Northern and Southern, presenting, so far as it is presented through the public press, the pro-slavery or Anti-Slavery complexion of the different sections of the Union.

It is designed also to be a good *family newspaper*, and contains always a brief synopsis of the most important current intelligence. Its fourth page is exclusively of a literary character, and is carefully collated from the best Foreign and Domestic Publications.

The STANDARD is edited by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, EDMUND QUINCY, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Mr. Gay is the resident editor, and its chief management is entrusted to him. Each number of the paper will contain an article in the editorial columns from either Mr. Quincy or Mr. Lowell over their proper initials.

RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, whose letters to the *Standard* have excited so much attention hitherto, for their just and discriminating view of Irish affairs, and for their general great ability and interest, will continue a regular correspondent of the paper.

Its price is $2 per annum, and the Executive Committee confidently and earnestly commend it to the patronage of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and all all opponents of American Slavery, as worthy, both for its object and its character, of their support

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.—Our columns are this week filled—and they could not be put to a better purpose—with the excellent report of the New England Convention, by Mr. Leeds. It does not profess to be a full report of all that was said and done during the long session of the Convention, but it gives, it seems to us, the spirit of the various debates, and a faithful and clear synopsis of those speeches, of which anything beyond a brief notice is pretended. Of the meeting at Faneuil Hall, however, Mr. Leeds gave a full report for the *Liberator*, for slips of nearly all of which we are indebted to Mr. Garrison; the speech of Wendell Phillips, which did not reach us in season for this week's paper, for which, if it had, we have no room, we shall publish in our next issue.

THE CHOLERA.—The Cholera is rapidly increasing in this city. The report for the last four days is:

SATURDAY—Thirteen cases—seven fatal.
SUNDAY—Twenty-seven cases—thirteen fatal.
MONDAY—Twenty-three cases—nine fatal.
TUESDAY—Thirty-nine cases—eleven fatal.

Married.

May 26, by Rev. Samuel P. Parker, J. T. HEADLEY to ANNA A. RUSSELL, daughter of W. W. Russell, all of this city.

On the 29th May, by the Rev. Dr. Thos. H. Taylor, Mr. DAVID SEARS, JR., of Boston, to EMILY E., daughter of the late Goold Hoyt, of this city.

Died.

JAMES G. CLINTON, formerly a member of Congress from Orange and Sullivan, in the 47th year of his age.

In Roxbury, Mass., 28th instant, CHARLES FREDERICK, son of Mr. Charles Bradford, 4 1-2 years.

At Canandaigua, 29th ultimo, Col. WILLIAM BLOSSOM, in his 58th year—for many years proprietor of the Canandaigua Hotel.

Notices.

S. S. and A. K. Foster,

Will probably continue their meetings in Oyster Bay through this week.

They will hold meetings in *Jerusalem* next Sunday, May 10, forenoon and afternoon. During the ensuing week they will be in Hempstead or its vicinity, as the friends may appoint.

Their object will be at the several places they visit to give a clear and full view of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and hold, when there shall be opportunity, a series of meetings. Such a course they deem particularly desirable and necessary, as both are persuaded—and few have had so much experience—that single meetings anywhere, and especially in communities ignorant, or not familiar with the subject, are almost entirely useless.

Their purpose is to spend as much time in the neighbourhood of this city as can be passed profitably, and wish, therefore, friends on Long Island, in West Chester county, and other neighbouring localities, who wish meetings held among them, to enter into correspondence immediately with the editor of the Standard, who will be in constant communication with Mr. and Mrs. Foster while in this section of country.

It has been for a long time past and most justly a source of complaint among the Abolitionists of this vicinity, that it is too much neglected. The reproach, however, now will be at their own doors if they fail to avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded to have a series of meetings in every place within thirty miles of this city where there is one man or woman who cares enough for the Anti-Slavery cause to write a letter, and engage a hall, a school-house, or a Church, for a place of meeting.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at the Grove Meeting House or vicinity, two miles North-West of New Garden, and eight miles South West of Salem, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 19th, 20th, and 21st of June, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society should be emphatically a gathering of the Abolitionists of the West. The doctrine of "*No Union with Slaveholders*,"—the motto which the Society has inscribed upon its banner—is every year more and more commending itself to the reflecting minds and true hearts of the Northern opponents of Slavery. Every movement upon the part of the government, every struggle which the Northern people make to free themselves from the power of Slavery, but shows the hopelessness of all efforts to win the freedom of the slave or to regain their own rights so long as they own allegiance to the United States Constitution.

Let then all whose eyes have been anointed to see the sinfulness of sustaining that pro-slavery government, assemble at New Garden, and reiterate their testimony against that "covenant with death and agreement with hell,"—let them rally to the support of that movement whose existence is necessary to preserve in its purity the Anti-Slavery faith.

This is no time for lukewarmness or indifference. Every human soul that hates Slavery should now, if ever, speak out. The conflict is waxing hotter and hotter, and high above the sounds of the battle should be heard the noblest rallying cry of the hosts of freedom—"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

It is expected that HENRY C. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia, and OLIVER JOHNSON, of Massachusetts, will be present on the occasion; and it is hoped that other Eastern friends will be there, to participate in the proceedings. But whether or not we have aid and counsel from abroad, let each one prepared to do his duty, and no anniversary ever held in the West, will exceed this in interest.

BETSEY M. COWLES,
Recording Secretary.

Poetry.

From Jerrold's News.

THE HANGING,

AND HOW IT EDIFIED THE BEHOLDERS:

A SKETCH.

He staggered on upon the drop—oh who that saw his look
Can forget it, as his place beneath the gallows first he took—
Can forget the deadly shivering that shook him when his eye
First rested on the heaving crowd agape to see him die,
On the mass of upturned faces that had waited hours below
And cursed the sluggish jail clock whose minutes crept so slow,
Though brutal jokes and laughter were bandied fast about
To serve to pass the time away until he was brought out,
Yet spite of slang and merriment and choice St. Giles's wit,
Of guesses how the dead man's clothes the hangman's form would fit—
Though through the crowd from time to time the roar of laughter ran
As puns upon the dangling rope were tossed from man to man,—
Though still fresh source of pleasure high for ever new was found
In the murderer's words and doings that from mouth to mouth went round
And still with offered bets and oaths his best admirers stuck
To their calm reliance on him that he'd die with honour—pluck—
Though now and then some minutes yet more jollily were spent
In laughing down some milksop fool who hoped he would repent—
Though now a pocket picked—a row—a woman's fight or so
Served to keep the crowd in humour still the time was damned as slow
And when before their straining eyes the dead man staggered there
With shouts and yells of gladness they tore the shuddering air;
A thousand tongues took up the roar—a thousand rolled it wide—
Ten times it sank and rose again flung back from side to side;
Then silence fell upon the crowd—a hush as of the dead
You might hear the platform creaking beneath the hangman's tread—
You might hear the papers rustle where the painter's hand would try
To seize a fine convulsion—a striking agony—
Of one reporter's pencil a scratch you might not lose
As smiling he his tablets gave a crownsworth good of news;
Still on the glaring multitude unbroken stillness lay
Till with a shriek for mercy the felon tried to pray,
Then sudden from the soundless crowd burst up a scoffing yell
Their scorn of this, his utter lack of manly pluck to tell,
Nor ceased it when the quivering wretch first felt the hangman's touch
And swooned from out his agony, for nature's strength too much,
But fiercer rose the mingling roar of curse and yell bestowed
Upon the craven dastard who so poor a spirit showed,
And gin-shop pals and jail-birds, who had looked with pleasant pride
To see how to the very last the law he still defied—
Who'd boasted how with bow polite the cheering crowd he'd greet
And how his friend, the hangman, with jeer and jest he'd meet—
That high in gallows' annals would live his honoured name,
A spur to all who tread his steps, like him to finish—game—
Now damning deep his agony and blasting his despair
The fiercest yelled—the thickest filled with howls the reeling air;
Ay, hundreds swore 'twas cursed hard that out of half the fun
They'd waited there five hours for, at last they should be done
And women who'd for windows paid, were sure 'twas never right
They should turn the man off fainting and spoil their paid-for sight;
But through the ghastly hell of sound—of curse and howl and yell,
The hangman lifts the senseless wretch from where he fainting fell,
And down the clammy forehead—and down the ashen face,
The cap is drawn, the tightened noose is settled in its place;
Now God have mercy upon him upon whom men have none!
A swinging form—a quivering corpse—a stillness—all is done;
A minute more, the sunshine is merry once again
With the buzz of talk and laughing of those who still remain—
With the settling by noisy knots of idlers through the street,
Of which shall be the gin-shop to finish off the treat;
And lovers of the good old times and gibbet, walk off loud
In praises of the moral good the hanging's done the crowd.

W. C. BENNETT.

Osborne-place, Blackheath.

From the Dover [illegible]

THE SPRING

When wintry weather is all done,
And brooks do sparkle in the sun,
And noisy building rooks do flee
With sticks toward their elm tree;
When birds do sing, and we can see
Upon the boughs the buds of spring,
Then I'm as happy as a king,
In the field with health and sunshine.

For then the cowslip's hanging flower
All wetted in the sunny shower,
Doth grow with violets sweet of smell,
Beside the wood-screened grey hare-bell;
Where thrushes eggs with sky-blue shell
Do lie in mossy nests among
The thorns, while they do sing their song
At evening, in the sunshine.

And God does make his wind to blow
And rain to fall for high and low,
And bids his morning sun to rise
For all alike; and ground and skies
Have colours for the poor man's eyes;
And in our trials He is near
To hear our moan, and see our tear
And turn our clouds to sunshine.

And many times when I do find
Things all go wrong, and folks unkind,
To see the happy feeding herds,
And hear the singing of the birds,
Does soothe my feelings more than words,
For I do see that 'tis our sin
Does make one's soul so dark within,
When God would give one sunshine.

Miscellany.

The agreeable old gentleman, who, under the head of "Croaker," is contributing a series of articles—one of which we copied not long ago—to the *Boston Courier*, gives the following amusing account of

A NEW ENGLANDER OF THE LAST CENTURY:

Shall I lose my doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

In looking over the "Algerine Captive," in order to refresh my memory in regard to some portions of it, (for, till last week, I had not seen a copy of it for fifty years) I was more than ever impressed with the idea of the true New England complexion of the author's genius. Updike Underhill was as veritable a Yankee as ever sold a horn gun-flint or a wooden nutmeg—such a one as is not seen in these degenerate days, (or, if seen, but rarely,) but which were not uncommon in the few years that immediately succeeded our Revolutionary war. Fennimore Cooper has given a tolerable sketch of an individual of this class in his Yankee Singing-Master, with his psalm-book and pitch-pipe, but it is rather a caricature than a picture of real life. Updike Underhill is an intelligent and polished specimen, when compared with the Sam Slicks and Jonathans, of Halliburton, and Mrs. Trollope: and the characters he himself gives of some of his cotemporaries, have more of truth and less of extravagance than the Yankees manufactured by foreign novelists and travellers.

Dr. Underhill begins with an account of his gallant ancestor, Captain Underhill, who came to Massachustts in company with Governor Winthrop—soon after engaged in disciplining the Boston militia—and was elected a representative in the General Court: but, owing to his liberal ideas in regard to religious toleration, he lost his popularity, and, in 1697, was disfranchised and banished from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. He sought shelter in Dover, N. H., and was chosen governor by the settlers; but was driven, by the pious zeal of his persecutors, to take refuge in Albany. The Dutch were highly pleased with him, and Dutchified his name to Captain Vans Von Vanderhill. Of this renowned gentleman the author of the "Algerine Captive" was a descendant of the fourth or fifth generation, and was born in 1762.

Young master Updike was sent, like most other New England boys, to a woman's school in the summer and to a man's in the winter. When he was twelve years old, being the best scholar in the school, he read, in the presence of the minister, a lesson in Dilworth's Spelling Book, so loud, and with so little regard to emphasis or punctuation, that the minister was delighted; and told the parents that Updike must be put to learning, and sent to College. The father pleaded poverty; but the minister said—"When I went to Harvard College, I was poor; but with being butler's freshman and bell-ringer the first year, waiter the last three, and keeping school in vacations, I rubbed through, and am now what I am; and who knows but what when Updike has completed his education, he may make a minister, and, when my usefulness is over, supply our very pulpit!" The mother interfered, and the result was, that the young man went that very week to the minister, to be fitted for college; and there he studied Latin and Greek four years. As to English Grammar, as the preceptor knew nothing about it, he communicated nothing of it to his pupil. He became enthusiastically fond of the Greek language, and committed to memory four hundred of the most sonorous lines of Homer, which he repeated before the annual convention of ministers.

A stroke of ill fortune in pecuniary affairs, however, defeated the plan of going to college: and it was resolved that the young man should labour on his fathers farm. But his taste for Greek had quite eradicated all disposition to labour. He gave Greek names to all the neighbouring brooks and puddles, and to all the farming utensils. He talked to the cattle in hexameters. He killed a fat heifer,—upon which the family depended for their winter's beef,—covered it with green boughs, and laid it away in the shade to putrify, in order to raise a swarm of bees, after the manner of Virgil; but the experiment failed, and the father consented that he should renew his career of learning. So, as soon as the fall's work was over, he engaged to keep school in a neighbouring town. His account of the school, and of his intercourse with the people, is too rich to be epitomized. The school consisted of about sixty scholars:—

"Excepting three or four overgrown boys of eigeteen, the generality of them were under the age of seven years. Perhaps a more ragged, ill-bred, ignorant set, never were collected, for the punishment of a poor pedagogue. Instead of the silence I anticipated, there was an incessant clamour. Predominant among the jarring sounds were, Sir, may I read? May I spell? Master, may I go out? Will master mend my pen? What, with the pouting of the small children, sent to school, not to learn, but to keep them out of 'harm's way,' and the gruff, surly complaints of the larger ones, I was nearly distracted. Homer's *poluphlosboio thalasses*, roaring sea, was a whisper to it. My resolution, to avoid beating of them, made me invent small punishments, which often have a salutary impression on delicate minds; but they were insensible to shame. The putting of a paper fool's-cap on one, and ordering another under my great chair, only excited mirth in the school; which the very delinquents themselves often increased, by loud peals of laughter. Going, one frosty morning, into my school, I found one of the larger boys sitting by the fire in my arm chair. I gently requested him to move. He replied that he would when he had warmed himself: 'father finds wood, and not you.' To have my throne usurped, in the face of the whole school, shook my government to the centre. I immediately snatched my two-foot rule, and laid it pretty smartly across his back. He quitted the chair, muttering that he would tell father. I found his threats of more consequence than I apprehended. The same afternoon, a tall, raw-boned man called me to the door; immediately collaring me with one hand, and holding a cart-whip over my head with the other, with fury in his face, he vowed he would whip the skin from my bones if ever I struck Jotham again; ay, he would do it that very moment, if he was not afraid I would take the law of him. This was the only instance of the overwhelming gratitude of parents I received. The next day, it was reported all over town what a cruel man the master was. 'Poor Jotham came into school, half frozen and nearly fainting; master had been sitting a whole hour by the warm fire; he only begged him to let him warm himself a little, when the master rose in a rage, and cut open his head with the tongs, and his life was despaired of.'

"Fatigued with the vexations of my school, I one evening repaired to the tavern, and mixed with some of the young men of the town. Their conversation I could not relish; mine they could not comprehend. The subject of race-horses being introduced, I ventured to descant upon Xanthus, the immortal courser of Achilles. They had never heard of 'squire Achilles' or his horse; but they offered to bet two to one, that Bajaset, the Old Roan, or the deacon's mare, Pumkin and Milk, would beat him, and challenged me to appoint time and place.

"Nor was I more acceptable among the young women. Being invited to spend an evening, after a quilting, I thought this a happy opportunity to introduce Andromache, the wife of the great Hector, at her loom; and Penelope, the faithful wife of Ulysses, weaving her seven year's web. This was received with a stupid stare, until I mentioned the long time the Queen of Ulysses was weaving; when a smart young woman observed, that she supposed Miss Penelope's yarn was rotted in whitening, and that made her so long; and then told a tedious story of a piece of cotton and linen she had herself woven, under the same circumstances. She had no sooner finished, than, to enforce my observations, I recited above forty lines of Greek, from the Odyssey, and then began a dissertation on the *cæsura*. In the midst of my harangue, a florid faced young man, at the further end of the room, with two large prominent foreteeth, remarkably white, began to sing—

"Fire upon the mountains, run, boys' run,"

and immediately the whole company rushed forward to see who should get a chance in the reel of six.

"Disappointed of recreation, among the young, my next object was the minister. Here I expected pleasure and profit. He had spent many years in preaching, for the edification of private families, and was settled in the town, in a fit of enthusiasm, when the people drove away a clergyman, respectable for his years and learning. This he was pleased to call an awakening. He lectured me, at the first onset, for not attending the conference and night meetings; talked much of gifts, and decried human learning, as carnal and devilish, and well he might; he certainly was under no obligations to it; for a new singing master coming into town, the young people, by their master's advice, were for introducing Dr. Watt's version of the Psalms. Although I argued with the minister an hour, he remains firmly convinced, to this day, that the version of Sternhold and Hopkins is the same in language, letter, and metre, with those Psalms King David chaunted, in the city of Jerusalem.

"As for the independence I had founded, on my wages, it vanished, like the rest of my scholastic prospects. I had contracted some debts. My request for present payment, was received with astonishment. I found I was not to expect it, until the next autumn, and then not in cash, but produce; to become my own collector, and pick up my dues, half a peck of corn or rye in a place.

"I was almost distracted, and yearned for the expiration of my contract, when an unexpected period was put to my distress. News was brought, that, by the carelessness of the boys, the school-house was burnt down. The common cry now was, that I ought, in justice, to pay for it; as to my want of proper government the carelessness of the boys ought to be imputed. The beating of Jotham was forgotten, and a thousand stories of my want of proper spirit circulated. These reports, and even the loss of a valuable *Gradus ad Parnassum*, did not damp my joy. I am sometimes led to believe, that emancipation from real Slavery in Algiers, did not afford me sincerer joy, than I experienced at that moment."

Mr. Underhill then concluded to study Physic, and very soon entered upon his studies with a physician celebrated for his success in restoring sight to the blind. Here he passed his time very agreeably, but was astonished that his preceptor should never quote Greek. Sometimes, when in company with young ladies, whose monstrous colds prevented their singing, he ventured to spout a few lines from the Iliad; but the most beautiful words of the divine bard were received with cold applause. He was so pleased with one young lady, that he addressed to her an ode, liberally besprinkled with high-sounding epithets of the immortal Grecian: and this produced a challenge, but a duel was prevented by the interference of a fellow-student. The character of a learned lady, in whose acquaintance the author was happy, must not suffer by abridgment:—

"In the circle of my acquaintance, there was a young lady of not the most promising person, and of rather a vinegar aspect, who was just approximating towards thirty years of age. Though, by avoiding married parties, mingling with very young company, dressing airily, shivering in lawn and sarcenet at meeting, in December; affecting a girlish lisp, blush, and giggle—she was still endeavouring to ward off that invidious appellation of Old Maid. Upon good grounds, I am led to believe, that the charity of the tea table had added to her years—because, from a long acquaintance with her, I could never induce her to remember any event, however trivial, which happened before Lexington battle. The girls of my age respected me as a man of spirit; but I was more fond of being esteemed as a man of learning. This young lady loved literature, and lamented to me her ignorance of the Greek. I gave her a decided preference to her rivals. She borrowed books of me, and read them with astonishing rapidity. From my own little library, and from those of my friends, I procured above sixty volumes for her: among which were Locke on Human Understanding, Stackhouse's Body of Divinity, and Glass's works, not on cookery, but the benignant works of John Glass, the father of Sandiman, and the Sandimanians—in which collection I did not however omit Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Virgil: and to my astonishment, though I knew that her afternoons were devoted to the structure of caps and bonnets, she perused those sixty volumes completely, and returned them to me in less than a month. There was one thing peculiarly pleasing to me as a man of letters, that she never made dog-leaves, or soiled the books, a slovenly practice of which even great scholars are sometimes guilty. I would, at times, endeavour to draw her into a conversation upon the author she had recently perused. She would blush, look down, and say that it did not become a young girl, like her, to talk upon such subjects with a gentleman of my sense. The compliment it contained ever rendered the apology irresistible. One day she asked me to lend her a dictionary. I immediately procured for her Dr. Johnson's, in two volumes folio. About three days afterwards she offered to return them. Knowing that a dictionary was a work to which reference was often necessary, and thinking it might be of some service to every lady of her learning, I pressed her to keep it longer. When she replied, with the prettiest lisp imaginable, that they were indeed very pretty story-books—but since I had lent them to her she had read them all through twice: and then inquired, with the same gentle lisp, if I could not lend her a book called Rolling Belly Letters! I was in absolute astonishment. Virgil's traveller, treading on the snake in the grass, was comparatively in perfect composure. I took a folio under each arm, and skipped out of the house as lightly as if I had had nothing heavier than a late anti-federal election sermon to carry. This learned young lady was amazingly affronted at my abrupt departure—but when the cause of it was explained to her, some months after, she endeavoured to persuade a journeyman tailor, who courted her niece, to challenge me to fight a duel—who actually penned a challenge upon one of his master's pasteboard patterns; and I verily believe, [illegible] second, if he had not been informed that my character was established as a man of honour."

Having finished his studies, the hero, with a piebald mare given to him by his father,—his saddle-bags filled with drugs, a few books and surgeon's instruments in his portmanteau, and a light heart in his bosom, sat out to seek practice and fortune, as a country practitioner. His first stop was at a new township, where five doctors of eminence had, within a few years, attempted a settlement:—the first of whom fell a sacrifice to strong liquor; the second put his trust in horses, and was ruined by the loss of a valuable sire; the third quarreled with the midwife, and was obliged to remove; the fourth, having prescribed rather unluckily for a lady, went off to Ohio; and the fifth, being a prudent man, raised his own medicine, and was in the way of making his fortune, but died too soon to accomplish that purpose. In the next town, Dr. Underhill was assured he might do well as a physician, if he would keep a grog-shop, or let himself as a labourer in the haying season, and keep school in the winter. At the mention of the school, he fled from the town abruptly. In a neighbouring town, they did not want a physician, as an itinerant doctor visited the place every year in March when the people had more leisure to be sick and take physic. At length he fixed his residence in a town where four physicians were already in full practice. But here he lived four months without any practice, except the extracting of a tooth from a girl, who spun flax at his lodgings, and who asked if the doctor did not think the tooth-ach a sign of love. He says he might have remained there without practice to this day, if his landlord, finding payment for his board rather slack, had not, by frequently sending his boy in violent haste to call him out of meeting, attracted the attention of our people. [☞This mode of getting practice was successfully practised sixty or seventy years afterwards by Mr. Deputy Sawbones, according to the Pickwick Papers.] Of the four physicians in this town, the principal had been regularly educated, was a very formal man in his manners and practice; always administered irritating stimulants to allay fever; and carried about with him a pair of money scales, and weighed off the doses prescribed in the books, to the decimal of a drachm. He was called the *learned* doctor. The practice of the second was directly opposite. He prescribed large doses of the most powerful drugs—was careless, daring, and often successful. He was called the *cheap* doctor, because he always speedily cured or—killed. The third physician dealt altogether in simples. The only compound he ever gave, or took, was buttered flip, for a cough. It was said, that, if he did no good, he never did any harm, and was thereforee called the *safe* doctor. The fourth was not celebrated for being *learned, cheap,* or *safe*; but he had more practice than all the other three together; for he was a musical man, and well-gifted in prayer.

There was another gentleman in the town, who had some pretensions to the character of a physician—pretensions similar to those set up by crowned heads to wisdom, power, and greatness; namely, he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and his mother was a doctress. He was sometimes called to a consultation with the other doctors, but his ordinary practice lay among sheep, horses, and cattle. Dr. Underhill also met a quack, who lived in the vicinity, and by his superior effrontery, out-quacked and bore down all the others. This man offered to recommend Underhill to full practice, and in return to receive such instruction as "would enable him to do good." The proposal was accepted. The quack kept his word—read the doctor's books and improved by his instruction. He recommended Underhill to all his patients, and they flourished together for eighteen months. The doctor here gives an account of a consultation, which presents the practice of the several physicians he had eulogized. But let him tell his own story:—

"A drunken jockey, having fallen from his horse at a public review, was taken up senseless, and extended upon the long table of the tavern. He soon recovered his breath, and groaned most piteously. As his head struck the ground first, it was apprehended by some, unacquainted with its solidity, that he had fractured his skull. The faculty hastened from all quarters to his assistance. The learned, scrupulous physician, after requesting that the windows and doors might be shut, approached the patient; and, with a stately air, declined giving his opinion, as he had unfortunately left at home his Pringle on Contusions.

"The cheap doctor immediately pronounced the wound a compound fracture, prescribed half a dose of crude opium, and called for the trepanning instruments.

"The safe doctor proposed brown paper, dipped in rum and cobwebs, to stanch the blood. The popular physician, the musical doctor, told us a jovial story; and then suddenly relaxing his features, observed, that he viewed the groaning wretch as a monument of justice; that he, who spent his days in tormenting horses, should now, by the agency of the same animal, be brought to death's door, an event, which he thought ought to be set home upon our minds by prayer.

"While my new pupil, pressing through the crowd, begged that he might state the case to the company; and, with an audible voice, winking upon me, began. The learned doctor Nominative Hoc Caput, in his treatise on brains, observes that the seat of the soul may be known from the affections of the man. The residence of a wise man's soul is in his ears; a glutton's in his palate; a gallant's, in his lips; an old maid's, in her tongue; a dancer's, in his toes; a drunkard's, in his throat. By the way, landlord, give us a button of sling. When we learned wish to know if a wound endangers life, we consequently inquire into the affections of the patient, and see if the wound endangers the seat of the soul. If that escape, however deep and ghastly the wound, we pronounce life in no danger. A horse-jockey's soul—gentleman, I wish your healths—is in his heel, under the left spur. When I was pursuing my studies, in the hospitals in England, I once saw seventeen horse-jockeys, some of whom were noblemen, killed by the fall of a scaffold in Newmarket, and all wounded in the heel. Twenty others, with their arms, backs, and necks broken, survived. I saw one noble jockey, with his nominative caret, which is Greek for a nobleman's head, split entirely open. His brains ran down his face, like the white of a broken egg; but, as his heel was unhurt, he survived, and his judgment in horses is said not to be the least impaired. Come, pull off the patient's boot, while I drink his better health.

"Charmed with the harangue, some of the spectators were about following his directions, when the other doctors interfered. They had heard him, with disdainful impatience, and now each raised his voice, to support his particular opinion, backed by his adherents. *Bring me the brown paper—compound fracture—cobwebs, I say—hand the trepanning instruments—give us some tod, and pull off the boot,* echoed from all quarters. The landlord forbade quarreling in his house. The whole company rushed out, to form a ring on the green, for the medical professors: and they to a consultation of fisty cuffs. The practitioner in sheep, horses, and cattle, poured a dose of New England rum and molasses down the patient's throat; who soon so happily recovered as to pursue his vocation, swop horses three times, play twenty rubbers of all fours, and get dead drunk again before sunset."

THE FOOLISH BIRDS.

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

From Curzon's "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant."

—'In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the King was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O, vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the North, and your face is turned towards the South. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O King! that we will not turn back on our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you [illegible] although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because ye will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas, you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

'Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the King cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O King, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the King, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

'When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the King, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?" Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honour of standing before the feet of the King; and making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O King, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and his councillors what it shall be that the King shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

'But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the King for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters prevailed: and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads."—So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves as it were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops her cousin, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

'Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass." And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns.—Whereupon the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

'Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny. At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

'So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.'

JOHN ROGERS AND HIS "NINE CHILDREN WITH ONE AT THE BREAST."

A writer in the *Cambridge* (*Mass.*) *Chronicle*, thus puts at rest the vexed question—how many children had John Rogers?—which has puzzled all readers of the *Old New-England Primer*:

How often have children been puzzled by the ambiguity of the expression, "nine small children and one at the breast," not knowing whether the last named was intended to be included in, or added to, the number first mentioned. Sometimes they tried to solve the difficulty by counting the heads of the children in the picture; but the artist, modestly declining to meddle with matters beyond his business, used, in the old Primers, to leave the matter as much in the dark as he found it. A glorious indistinctness in the picture renders it utterly impossible to distinguish the children of the Martyr from the common crowd; and thus, in obscurity the matter remained for nearly two centuries. In the recent edition—"with an historical introduction by H. Humphrey, D. D., President of Amherst College,"—and in the one of which over one hundred thousand copies have lately been circulated by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, the publishers have attempted to settle the matter by giving us a *distinct* picture, in which the spectators are left out, and the wife and nine small children *besides* the one at the breast are plainly represented.

The earliest published history of the martyrdom is "Foxe's Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous Dayes," printed in London, A. D. 1562, only seven years after the death of Rogers and whilst his numerous family were living. It contains the following statement:—

"*His wife and children, being XI in number, X able to go out and one sucking on her breast, met him on the way as he went towards Smithfield.*"

A person inclined to skepticism as to the accuracy of the proposed correction, may perceive a slight degree of ambiguity in the language of Foxe; therefore I produce another evidence. In Middleton's Evangelical Biography, Vol. 1, page 302, we read,—"*His wife and ten children by her side with one at her breast met him by the way.*" As the matter is one which has become hallowed in the minds of many by early associations, they may be unwilling to change their long cherished views without still further testimony of the correctness of the alterations. For their benefit I will give one extract from a recent publication—the result of great research and a work of the highest authority on historical and other matters pertaining to the period of which it treats—"The Annals of the English Bible by Christopher Anderson. London, 1845." On the 286th page of the second volume may be found this passage:—

"*The people were giving thanks for his constancy, but there among the crowd, there met him the wife, whom neither Gardiner nor Bonner would permit him to see. His wife, the foreigner, with all her children.* * * * * *the eldest now nearly seventeen years of age; the youngest, or the* ELEVENTH *child, an unconscious babe now hanging at the mother's breast!*"

Thus it has been shown from the highest English authority—[illegible] number of Mrs. Rogers' children was not *nine*, nor *ten*, but *eleven*. The error may at first have been merely typographical—arising from the transposition of the numerical letters XI, as originally printed in Foxe. Later historians, copying at second hand, have helped to perpetuate the error.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE *Gateshead Observer* thus comments on the vicar of Leamington refusing the proceeds of a ball towards the repairs of his church: "Surely, such proceeds, voluntarily offered, are as clean and wholesome as the proceeds of a gin palace or a brothel; and these are compulsorily taxed 'of the repair for the church,' year after year."—Let him answer that, exclaims *Jerrold's News*.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The ex-King of the French since his arrival at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, has been in the enjoyment of excellent health, and in common with his family, appears to enjoy the retirement and genial air of this watering-place; the late boisterous weather did not prevent them from enjoying boating excursions.

DEATH OF DUPONT DE L'EURE.—This venerable man, the patriarch of Republicanism in France, who from 1789 to 1849 has consistently upheld the cause through evil report and good report, who was one of the few who had the wisdom and courage to resist the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne in 1830, and who was chosen by acclamation President of the Provisional Government in 1848, died on Thursday night of cholera, in the 43d year of his age. Some say that it was of an illness resembling cholera.

MUSIC OF OLD.—The ancient Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns; the psaltery, was a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut resembled the *sagg* used at Malta in the present day,—a species of bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery,—such as are seen about the streets of London in the present day. Imagine the discord produced by 200,000 of such instruments, while playing at the dedication of Solomon's Temple.—*Mr. Thompson Key, in the Medical Times.*

ADDRESS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—A very remarkable document [says *Jerrold's News*] has been issued by this Society. It describes the labours of the Society in Ireland, and expresses regret that they have proved, with few exceptions, powerless for any permanent good. The *Times* (of Friday) thus embodies the recommendations of the address:—"It insists on security to the cultivator, the utmost freedom in the sale or transfer of land, the passage of those estates whose proprietors are irretrievably ruined into other hands, or the sale of portions in order to pay off the encumbrances now lying on the whole, powers to sell land and recover debts without the ruinous delays and heavy costs which those processes at present involve, and some protection against the ravages of pauperism, so necessary to that improved cultivation of the soil, which is now the chief hope for Ireland."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—While we maintain the unity of the human species we, at the same time, repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are nations more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilized, more ennobled by mental cultivation than others—but none in themselves nobler than others. All are in like degree designed for freedom; a freedom which, in the ruder conditions of society, belongs only to the individual, but which, in social states, enjoying political institutions, appertains as a right to the whole body of the community. If we would indicate an idea which, through the whole course of history, has ever more and more widely extended its empire—or which, more than any other, testifies to the much contested and more misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race—it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected among men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation, or colour, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object—the unrestrained developement of the physical powers. This is the ultimate and highest aim of society, identical with the direction implanted by nature in the mind of man towards the indefinite extension of his existence. He regards the earth in all its limits, and the heavens, as far as his eye can scan their bright and starry depths, as inwardly, his own; given to him as objects for contemplation, and as a field for the developement of his energies. Even the child longs to pass the hills or the seas which enclose his narrow home; yet when his eager steps have borne him beyond those limits, he pines, like the plant, for his native soil; and it is by this touching and beautiful attribute of man—this longing for that which is unknown, and this fond remembrance of that which is lost—that he is spared from an exclusive attachment to the present. Thus deeply rooted in the innermost nature of man, and even enjoined upon him by his highest tendencies, the recognition of the bond of humanity becomes one of the noblest leading principles in the history of mankind.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

A SINGULAR BUSH.—There is a bush abounding in South Africa, significantly named *Stop awhile*. Its branches are full of thorns, exactly the shape of a fishing-hook; so that if they catch hold of your clothes as you pass, you *must stop awhile*, sometimes a long while, before you get clear of them. In clearing one arm from it another is caught, and without the cautious assistance of a second person there is no escaping from its hold, but by main force, and losing part of your dress—*Campbell.*

THE COMMON WATCH.—The common watch is, in many of its parts, a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheel work which transmits the motion of the mainspring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty, that they would be scouted by every practised mechanician. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail, as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among forty trades—to say nothing of the tool-makers for all of these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all those trades would have to be relearnt, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised; and the majority of the workmen to begin life again. During this interval, the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Malvolio, of "winding up their watches," as a token of magnificent wealth. Thus in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of "vested interests," which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE ART OF FLIGHT.—The art of flying has more or less occupied the inventive power of men, since the days of Dædalus. Here we may allow that cost and even danger may be left out of consideration, and that the question is one of simple practicability. The balloon offers the nearest approximation to a successful solution; since, though we could not properly fly, we might float suspended to those buoyant spheres; and efforts to steer balloons have accordingly been innumerable. Now, a very simple calculation will show that a wind of fifteen miles an hour would exert, upon any sphere of useful size, a pressure greater than the weight it could sustain in the air. The power, consequently, which would be required to retain the machine stationary against such a wind—or, what is the same thing, propel it at a like rate through a still atmosphere—must be greater than that which would keep it up in the air without a balloon at all. A good three-fourths of prospective aëronauts, therefore, surrounded their task with unnecessary difficulty. And the remainder, who devise so many varieties of imitative plumage and pinions, might have saved their labour if they had but reflected that, before they could use their ingenious apparatus, they must possess some motive power which could support its own weight and something more, for a reasonable time. They were constructing new wings, while the thing wanted was a new steam engine.—*Edinburgh Review for January.*

PIO NONO AND THE BOAR.—In the year 1794, the young Mastai Ferretti, then but a tender infant of the tender age of two, was reposing in his cradle in one of the vast *salons* of the ancient palazzio of the family, at Senegallia, where he first saw the light, at a period when Italy was distracted by the outbursts of the great French revolution. The chamber was deserted; the attendant nurse had stolen out to enjoy the society of some favourite *cicisbeo*, and naught resembling humanity remained in the apartment save the slumbering child and the figure of a sacred abbess, Notre Donna de la Seella, which frowned in awful sanctity from the walls. Suddenly a boar of enormous size entered the chamber, having made its way either wild from the adjacent hills, or from a recess adjoining, in which it had been detained by some members of the family, to afford the pleasure of a hunt on the subsequent day. The animal was naturally ferocious, and hunger had made it savage. It approached the cradle, and was on the point of seizing the child, awakened by its noise. The snout of the brute, it is said, was in contact with the cheek of the infant, and in another moment the child would have been borne off in its tusks, when suddenly a noise was heard, and the tapestry on which Notre Donna was emblazoned shook. Rumour, and probably truth, ascribed this to the escape of the nurse and her lover in the adjoining apartment, when a vase or statute was accidentally overturned against the wall; but the pious, and amongst others the pope himself, as well as his mother, devoutly attributed it to the sainted interposition of the abbess; and the child raising a cry, the attendant hurried to the chamber, but a moment before the young hope of the house would have been devoured or borne off.—*Dolman's Magazine.*

SERVANTS' SUNDAYS.—I have known poor tormented chamber and nursery maids, who could laugh and dance six and a half days in the week, on Sunday afternoon be unable to eat; on that day, their heart and their weary life were too heavy; then they dwelt so long upon the memory of their obscure, humble home, till they found therein some little dark place, even an old neglected grave of father or mother, and there they sat themselves down and wept till the mistress came home again. Countesses, princesses, West Indians, baronesses! ye who, like true women, rule the slaves of your beauty more severely than the slaves of your service, be not imperious to the latter on Sunday afternoon. The people in your service are often poor country people, to whom the Sunday, which does not exist for them in cities, in the great world, or upon great journeys, was, in their childhood's time, when they were happy, a blessed day of rest. Willingly do they stand by thee, on thy festivals, empty and thirsty; upon thy marriage and funeral feasts; without any wishes of their own, they hold the plate and the dress; but on Sunday, the festival of the people of humanity itself, the day upon which, with them, turn all the hopes of the week, and the poor believe that some few of the joys of the wide earth are guaranteed to them; that on this day, the joys of childhood, of that time when they really had some part in this covenant of grace and peace, must return again—that blessed time when they had no school hours, their best apparel, resting parents, playing children, the evening roast, green meadows, and a walk within them, where the social freedom of the fresh heart adorned the whole fresh world. Dear lady! if then, on Sundays, these thy menials wade less deeply into labour, that Lethe of the past and the present; if their dark life invests them more painfully; and sighing over the unfruitfulness of the present, they recall the merry sounds of their pure childhood, which to every man promises an Eden—then chide not, nor punish their tears; but let the longing, home sick soul wander without thy castle gates till the going down of the sun.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Local Agents for the Standard.

DR. DAVID M. DAVIS, Woodstown, N. J.
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marian, Grant co., Ia.
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa.
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R. I.
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co., N. Y.
THOMAS McCLINTOCK, Waterloo, "
S. HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co., "
S. STAMFORD ASHLEY, Oberlin, Ohio.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Boston, Mass.
JESSE HOLMES, New Lisbon, Columbiana co., Ohio.
K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark co., "
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison co., "
E. D. HUDSON, Springfield, Mass.
JAMES A. BURR, Ludlowville, N. Y.
ROBERT C. MARSHALL, Hiram, Portage co., N. Y.
WILLIAM CRONK, Buffalo, "
GEORGE W. EASTON Bridgewater, Mass.
DAVID K. COOK, Johnson's Creek, Niagara co., N. Y.
A. H. BIGELOW, Concord, Mass.
L. G. THOMAS, West Winfield, N. Y.
JOHN W. LYON, Hastings, Oswego co., N. Y.
MORRIS KINGSBURY, Fulton, "
CHARLES DOUGLASS, Camphouse, "
ALEX. FOREMAN, Pulaski, "
JOHN P. DICKINSON, Cleveland, "
SOLOMON PECK, Manlousville. "
JOHN WILBUR, 24 North Easton, Washington, co., "
JONATHAN WILDE, Quaker Springs, Saratoga co., "